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THE

RECREATIVE MAGAZINE,

OR

Eccentricities

OF

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

PHÆDRUS.

Vol. I.

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VANDALISM
IN THE
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PREFACE.

ABOUT a month previous to the publication of our commencing part, we issued the following prospectus, which may be quite proper to give here entire.

"The adjective *Recreative* is defined by DR. JOHNSON to be "refreshing, giving relief after labour or pain, amusing, diverting." —So much for our title.

"When we step into the British Museum, in Russell-Street, we do not expect to see sparrows, hens, geese, or horses stuffed; we go to inspect the extraordinary, the out-of-the-way productions of nature and art, rarely to be met with. Upon this principle is THE RECREATIVE REVIEW founded; for we profess to give *the Eccentricities of Literature and Life, of Art and Nature*, leaving all dry-as-dust, prolix, and prosing disquisitions upon every-day subjects to those who delight in them. What is customary, therefore, is rarely noticed; the erratic, the nearly incredible, whether of genius, or learning, or science, alone occupy us, whether discovered in the pages of books, or of human existence. The *deliramenta doctrinæ*, the wild speculations of the learned, are here noticed; for

> We love, in proper time and place,
> To laugh behind the gravest face.

And among the misfortunes we struggle with, it is one comfort for us to know, that all the world laugh at one another, and—perhaps ever will. To this end, all possible variety is given of the Gallimatias done, rumoured, and written. The *nugæ facetiæ* and the

tristia, the nips, scoffs, conceits, and quackeries of *the clever*, familiar or sublime, particularly of those who have been eminent in the art of doubting, who strangle us with their waste fertility, yet leave us as ignorant as ever : for men so employed, says Erasmus, may be said to teach a hen to cluck, to be writing on the surface of the water, boiling a stone, shaving an ass, setting an ox to catch a hare, &c., seeming to be at their wit's end, which by the by is no great journey. But if anecdote in general, or personal ones, of eminent men, their pursuits, their propensities, their incidental or intellectual excellences or defects, their literary peculiarities, have any charm, then will our work claim some favour from the public. If genius is made a playmate and companion ;—or, if to bring authors and writings into your parlour, as Boswell did Johnson ;—if we see how poets and prose-writers express themselves, and even amuse themselves ;—if, in fact, literature itself be served up in the way of the *petit soupers* of the Trianon, instead of the formality of a *set* dinner ;—if scenes of ever-varying hue can please, without too much of any given colour pervading (the *sombre* especially) ;—if innocently to smile at the grave follies of the wise, without being malignantly satirical, be a recommendation with our readers, then will our attempt be approved and sanctioned. Neither have we been busy about trifles : being no idolaters even of talent, if misapplied, keeping an observant eye upon all that may affect the felicity of mankind, whether by the infirmity of human purpose, or otherwise.

This is a work that may be opened at random, and by any *party*, for (wonderful !) it is not a political review. It is of that class which *may* cause some of our pleasantest hours, because viewed in the light of relaxations from severer duties and studies ; and yet to the student himself *some* trouble is saved. Wisdom and pleasantry may herein look one another in the face ; for there is moral enough, if the reader chooses to extract it : but for us to speculate in putting the world to rights, reminds us of the bill-sticker at the last election, slily tearing down his opponent's bill, for the purpose of sticking up his own, and the rival bill-sticker slily coming and catching him in the act. The public good of mankind may be performed two ways—by instruction and diversion : or, as mankind is now disposed, perhaps he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed. We wish to build the

structure, including *all* points, by a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce ;* and, in doing this, we shall perhaps shew *nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ*, that there is nothing great without a tincture of madness. Besides, Buonaparte tells us, *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas !* And, lastly, that there is not such a vast difference between people's parts as the world imagines. In the RECREATIVE REVIEW, consisting of table-talk and light reading, the lounger may skim the surface, or dip into, ad libitum, for knowledge or amusement; *for* we have rarely presumed to scatter the gems of *our own* genius in these pages : we have simply done (through a life of laborious literary reading) like Julius Cæsar and Tacitus, viz. kept a common-place book of the pointed sayings of others; the essence of which is now presented, as condensed as possible, hating prolixity and all its works, and ceremony also ; for dulness and gravity, like the the two Sosias in the play, resemble one another so much, that it is almost impossible to distinguish them. Sir Thomas More tells us, that the Utopians, both at dinner and supper, began with some lecture, that is read to them; *but it is so short, that it is not tedious nor uneasy to them to hear it.* In addition, also, to the wonders recorded in this work, we present a new one, viz. the actual authority, which we have been *candid* enough to give in ninety cases of a hundred."

Now whether or not we have kept up to, or fallen short, in our pretensions, a discerning public alone must decide; still we have some evidence in our favour, that our work does not smell of mortality; viz. the unexampled sale of our first part, for which our warmest gratitude is due : we conceive the most strenuous exertions to be demanded from us, by this very success, to ensure continued patronage, by endeavouring to make each future part more interesting than the preceding. This is the best way in which we could shew a proper sense of obligation to a generous public ; it is the mode we shall adopt.

In this age of "Reviews," it was hazardous to bring one more into the *market*, especially as our Review (some think it improperly named)* is of subjects mostly eccentric, and not every-day

* The American publishers have taken the liberty to change the word REVIEW to MAGAZINE, as forming, in their opinion, a more popular if not more appropriate title to the work.

ones; instead of this or t'other publication, "which struts and frets its hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more." We are, however, prepared to defend our title, although that ought to be utterly immaterial, so long as the contents are of the right stamp, genuine, and free from dross. That it is a Review of Literature and Life, each under its proper head, and that in the strictest sense of the word, each page must testify; inasmuch as the opinions of wiser heads than our own are brought into bearing, and as candidly set forth by name and reference, quoted after the luminous and satisfactory manner of Bayle. It were peculiarly insidious to palm off as our own what is quoted in illustration, though a very common practice; and though our work may by the ignorant, on this account, be deemed *but* a compilation, it is an honest proceeding, for which we doubt not the man of reading will thank us.

Those who aspire to a solid erudition, must undoubtedly take severer methods to acquire it. They have their labour and their merit. But there are readers of another order, who must not be left unprovided: for such readers, it is our province, occasionally, to collect matters of a lighter nature; but pleasing even by their levity, by their variety, and by their aptitude to enter into common conversation.—Things of this sort often gradually and imperceptibly insinuate a taste of knowledge, and in some measure gratify that taste; they steal some moments from the round of dissipation and pleasure; they relieve the minds of men of business (who cannot pass from severe labour to severe study) with an elegant relaxation; they preserve the strenuous idleness of others from a worse employment.

The advantages we flatter ourselves we possess, arise from our own extraordinary attention and industry. We have put into order and rank the floating facetiæ of times past; we make the moderns as familiar with the ancients, as the inhabitants of old houses who shake hands out of their garret-windows. We aim at uniting the plan of the Magazines with that of the Reviews; not servilely copying what has preceded us, just like the two kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay; and though it is a plan tolerably well calculated for a literary amusement, we do not pretend that the public will not have something to excuse, as well as to applaud.

But some will say, To what purpose so many quotations, so many merry thoughts, so many philosophical reflections? Those who make complaints of this sort, want the most necessary notion to pass a right judgment upon this work. They don't consider that it ought to be of some use to all sorts of readers; and that if it had been entirely framed according to the taste of the nicest judges, it would go out of its natural sphere. We would have them consider, that if we had kept to their notions of perfection, our book might indeed have been very acceptable to them; but then many others had been displeased with it, and it had remained in the dust of the booksellers' warehouses.—Please people of gravity and exquisite taste indeed!

Lastly, we may be permitted to hope that this Review, Miscellany, Collection of *Contes à rire*, or whatever else it may be christened, has some claims on the public attention; for, 1st, it is free from party or political asperity. 2d, it is free even from the very semblance of irreligion and immorality. 3d, it is neither tedious nor prolix, 'the common vice o' the times;' for we come at once to the matter in hand without preambles or postambles. And lastly, the whole is arranged on a cheerful or recreative principle, whereby, if we are so disposed, many a solitary hour may be beguiled of its *ennui*, aye, if even the mind is as gloomy as Spencer's cave of Despair. Besides, Swift says, things of this sort have nobly triumphed over time, have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes. We must, however, refrain from adding another word, for a long preface is a crying evil.

THE

RECREATIVE MAGAZINE.

MODES OF EXPRESSION.

AUTHORS are sometimes extremely careless in expressing themselves; others pique themselves on a quaintness or an oddity, more honoured in the breach than the observance. However, *we* do not pretend to carp or cavil in the following article; our office being merely to exhibit the extremely odd way in which some think and write, (and great ones, too, among them.) but who, perhaps, have been caught napping. Let us view some of these eccentricities, not with the green magnifying glasses of criticism, but with those of a student, who goes to the theatre by way of relaxation, determined to be pleased. The display might have been considerably increased from our common-place book; for the present, however, these will serve to mark a great variety in modes of expression.

Roger ASCHAM, describing Lady Jane Grey, expresses himself thus:—"At the time (says he) that the rest of the company were gone out a hunting, and to their other amusements, I found—*O Jupiter and all the gods!*—this divine young lady reading the Phædo of the divine Plato, in Greek," &c. Surely there was no occasion to disturb Jupiter and the conclave of Olympus, by thus calling upon them so abruptly.

The vulgarity of the prophets is demonstrated by the Rev. C. ABBOT. These are his words:—"But it unhappily often occurs, that, with the feelings of renewed life, the sentiments adopted under the pining stroke of sickness vanish, and the sinner returns to all his former corruptions, like *(as the prophet inelegantly expresses it)* 'the dog to his vomit, or the sow to her wallowing in the mire.'"—(*Abbot's Parochial Divinity*, page 196.)

It is scarcely credible, that the tasteful ADDISON sould use the word *authenticalness* for authenticity.

In the Aix la Chapelle Guide is a verbose description of the several paintings there, among which is the "*natural looks of poor souls in purgatory.*"

Sir Thomas Browne who gives his creed in his Religio Medici, does it, however, quaintly; for instance, he says, "I can believe that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul awaited; or raise a law-case whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title unto his former possessions." And again, "I dispute not whether Adam was an hermaphrodite, as the Rabbins contend upon the letter of the text; because it is contrary to reason there should be an hermaphrodite before there was a woman; or a composition of two natures, before there was a second composed."—(See also *Tostatus on Genesis.)* Sir Thomas Browne, (Vulgar Errors,) speaking of those bright omens, called letters in the candle, tells us, "They only indicate a moist and *pluvious* air, which hinders the *avolation* of the light and *favillous* particles, whereupon they settle upon *the snast.*" No explanation could be clearer: Sir Thomas was a learned man, and a man of genius, but a most affected writer. Again, the same author, in his Religio Medici, reasons and expresses himself thus, "That all flesh is grass, is not only metaphorically but literally true; for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay, further, *we are* what we all abhor, anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men but of ourselves; and that not only in an allegory but a positive truth: for all this mass of flesh which we behold came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, *we have devoured ourselves!*" Again, Sir Thomas, p. 153, Religio Medici, tell us, "I could digest a salad gathered in a church-yard as well as in a garden." Now such a thing might be possible, but where is the necessity for declaring it? "Of death," he says, "I am not so much afraid as ashamed thereof; 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment it can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife, and children, stand afraid and start at us:" then adding, "Not that I can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting disease, whereby I might not call myself as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any."—(*Relig. Med.* 111.)

Upon the Romish ceremony of extreme unction, we find the following remark in the Beehive of the Romish Church, Book III. Chap. ii. p. 232-3. "Whensoever any body lies a passing, so that there is no more hope of life in him, the prieste shal then anoynt him with holy oyle, blesse him with crosses,

and coniure him with certaine wordes, and then hee can never come in hell: for all the divells will runne away from before the crosses lyke a dogge before a flitche of bacon, and therefore must hee take upp his lodging, eyther in the suburbes of hell or in purgatory, where hee shall have his househyre and fire-wood free, till such time as he (with soule masses and popes' pardons) have gotten a plotte of grounde in heauen too builde a house thereuppon, of merites and good woorkes."

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge BURNET, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." You are not to be hanged, sir, answered the judge, for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen. —*(Fielding's Voyage to Lisbon.)*

In the BAPTISTS' MAGAZINE for October, 1810, we find "The accusation of the Bible against J. Neglectful, made before Judge Conscience, begging his interference in endeavouring to rescue him from a degraded and dangerous situation."

Dr. BEATTIE, meaning to tell us how delighted he was on seeing Mr. Garrick play Macbeth, adds, "He almost made me to throw myself over the front seat of the two-shilling gallery." We are anxious that this should be known, for the benefit of future enthusiasts, who are, therefore, recommended to choose the pit, for fear of such ecstacies.

TOM BROWN has a curious figure of speech: satirising some person, he says, "He is as dull as a lawfully-begotten citizen's eldest son."

The Reverend JOHN BORASTON condoling with Sir N. Herbert on the loss of his father, says, "The Blessedness of our deare deceased relations *is handkerchief enough to dry our eyes.*"—*(Warner's Epistolary Curiosities.)*

ANNE BOLEYN'S mode of expressing herself was truly astonishing. When on the scaffold, she was pleased to say, "I pray God save the king, (Henry VIII.) and send him long to reign over you; for a *gentler*, nor a *more merciful*, prince was there never, and to me he was ever a good, a gentle, and sovereign lord." This is a tolerable good character of a king, who in his power spared no man, and in his lust spared no woman, and from the lips of one who was then on the scaffold, probably dying innocent, because that Blue-Beard wanted to marry another, Jane Seymour, the next day, which he did.

Mr. BRAND, editor of Bourne's Popular Antiquities, lamenting the prevalence of party, (p. 392,) thus concludes, "May it subside at the present *crisis*, which is truly alarming, and that too, (if it be *possible*, by *any other means* to recover a *body po-*

litic, in which *health*, for *want of change*, seems to have produced *disease*,) not by *loss of blood* but by insensible perspiration." The plethora Mr. Brand so feelingly deplores, it is most likely will never be cured out of his pharmacopæia, because the national perspiration is 'sensible to feeling as to sight'—as Macbeth says.

Lord Bolingbroke, in his Study of History, has adopted *red* as the preterite of read, and *spred* as the preterite of spread. Bishop Horsley, in the Philosophical Transactions, introduces *redde;* Mr. Pinkerton, *redd;* Dr. Wallis proposed the preterite to be—*readd.*

Madame Brune, the biographer of Madame De Stael, speaking of her person, gravely says, "*She could hardly be called well-made, as the right shoulder was rather larger than the left.*"

Mr. Burke, above all men, figured in a mode of metaphorical expression. On the 7th of June, 1794, when speaking on the Begum charge, on the trial of Hastings, and describing the happy situation of the provinces of Oude, Benares, and Gorruckpore, before they were under Mr. H's protection, used the following:—"He is worse than Satan, for he showed the kingdoms of the world to the great Author of our sacred religion, in order that he might enjoy them; but he (turning to the bar) gave the provinces of Hindostan into the possession of men appointed by himself, for the purpose of destroying them." (Mr. Hastings at this expression lifted up his eyes and hands.) Again, when he spoke of the treasures deposited with the Begums, which Mr. Hastings seized, Mr. Burke said, "The prisoner at your bar, stepping beyond even the heathen mythology, was in his own opinion greater than Jove, who was esteemed the immortal god of the ancients; for Jove condescended to embrace a frail woman in a shower of gold; but Mr. Hastings paid more impressive adoration to the old Begums of Oude, for the purpose of seizing and stripping them of their gold! Here (said Mr. Burke) is the distinction between the Jove of the ancients and the Jove of the East-Indies. But your lordship's classical knowledge will convey to you that the first was fabulous, and I trust that the evidence adduced will convince your lordships the last is real."—Mr. Burke, in his eulogium upon that extraordinary man, Mr. Charles Townshend, among other things, said, "His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse; *he hit the house just between wind and water*," &c.

My Lord Castlereagh's expression of *a man turning his back upon himself*, must have originated from his previous read-

ing of Shakspeare's Henry IV. part 1. act. 1. sc. 1.," where Mortimer is made to say,

> All the rest
> Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

And after all, this turning upon one's self is become very common in days of frivolous controversy, when some men, although their antagonists are silent, will turn upon themselves, and write themselves down, in spite of the love of fame, which is natural as the love of life, as Greene says, in his Groat's-worth of Wit.

Dr. Clarke, in his Travels, has this very suspicious metaphor: he says, "Jerusalem now occupies one eminence alone, viz, that of Moriah, where the temple stood of old, and where, like a phœnix that hath arisen from the ashes of its parent, the famous mosque of Omar is now situated." Does not this sound a little unorthodox;—that a Mahometan mosque could arise out of the ruins of the temple of Jehovah, as a phœnix is fancied to arise out of the ashes of its parent?

Urban Chevreau, a French historian, tells us, "When I was young, I remember attending a sermon, preached by a prelate, who was celebrated at court for the greatness of his talent. It was on the feast of Mary Magdalen. The bishop, having enlarged much on the repentance of Mary, observed, that her tears had opened to her the way to heaven; and that *she had travelled by water* to a place, where few other persons had gone *by land*."

Saint Cyprian gravely asks, in his Third Epistle and Second Book, written to Cecilius, "How can they (the martyrs) shed their blood for Christ's sake, if they do not drink of Christ's blood?"—*(Transubstantiated.)*—*(Beehive of the Romish Church.)*

Charles the Fifth was pious in his bulletins. When Cæsar conquered, he wrote to the senate the laconic words, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I came, I saw, I conquered. But the emperor Charles the Fifth, after his victory over the sectaries in Germany, April 24, 1547, said, in pious parody of Cæsar's, *Veni, vidi, et Dominus Deus meus vicit;* I came, I saw, but it was God my Lord that conquered.—*(Pedro Mexio.)*

Calvin's (the reformer) mode of expression was rather coarse. Luther had, in one of his writings, called him a declaimer; and Calvin, to justify himself from such a title, breaks out—"Your whole school is nothing but a stinking stye of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast?"

Brother CAREY says, in his Journal, Jan. 26, 1796, "Found much pleasure in reading Edwards's Sermon on the Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners." Again, Feb. 6, 1766, "I am now in my study; and oh! it is a sweet place, because of the presence of God with the vilest of men—it is at the top of the house. I have but one window in it."—Dr. Carey would not write so now. He is become a Sir W. Jones in learning.

The Duchess of CHANDOS would pertinaciously insist upon calling the drawing-room the *drawling*-room! Perhaps, as she was a judge, it is the best mode of expression.

The Abbé DU PATY somewhere says, "I listened to *silence*," reminding us of the old line,

"An horrid silence now *invades* my ear."

DRYDEN pays no great homage to the language of lovers in the following line:

"And nonsense shall be eloquence in love."

However true these things may be in royal and noble letters, upon crim. con. trials, is it polite so to put it down?—In one of DRYDEN'S plays, there was this line, which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could:

"My wound is great—because it is so small!"

And then she paused, and looked very distressed. The Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the boxes, rose immediately from his seat, and added, in a loud ridiculing tone of voice,

"Then t'would be greater were it none at all!"

Which had so great effect upon the audience, that Dryden lost his benefit by it. DRYDEN, the same great poet, was, at another time, caught napping; for, in his play of "The Conquest of Grenada," he makes Almanzor say to Boabdelin, king of Grenada,

"Obey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be;
But know, that *I* alone am king of ME."

This mode of expression incurred the censure of the critics, which the irratibility of Dryden's temper could not easily bear; and it was well retorted upon him by Colonel Heylyn, the nephew of Dr. Heylyn, the cosmographer. Not long after the publication of his book, the doctor had the little misfortune to lose his way upon a large common, which created an innocent laugh against him, as a minute geographer. Mr. Dryden, falling into the colonel's company at a coffee-house, rallied him upon the circumstance which had happened to his uncle, and asked where it was that he lost himself? "Sir, (said the colo-

nel, who did not relish the question from such a cynick,) I cannot answer you exactly; but I recollect that it was somewhere in the kingdom of Me!" Mr. Dryden took his hat, and walked off.

Dr. Donne, speaking of the Bible, quaintly says, "Sentences in Scripture, like *hairs* in *horses' tails*, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but, being plucked out one by one, serve only for springes and snares."

Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, in one of his speeches, proposed to reduce the Americans by *starvation*, a word then new in the English vocabulary, which the wits of the day alleged he had imported from his native country; but both the word and the thing itself, it is said, have been, since then, sufficiently naturalised in this country.

Madame Dacier, in the index to her Translation of Plutarch's Lives, tells us, "that adultery, though not known by name, was a vice common in Sparta."

A Dutch ambassador's wife, at Paris, being asked, by the Queen of France, how many children she had? replied, "*Quelle avoit fait deux par devant, et deux par derriere;*" but meaning that she had two by her first husband, and two by her last.

Hear Mr. Desenfans, in his Descriptive Catalogue, vol. 2, p. 179.—"While the multitude are crowding round a large daub, the amateur is frequently in ecstacy before a small picture in a solitary corner. The multitude are always beholding pictures with two eyes only, and the connoisseur looks at them with three!!!" Now *we* thought that the knowing look of a connoisseur rather partook of the Polypheme, or of the genuine cock-eyed squint, only to be seen under the brows of a virtuoso, or peering through the half-closed hand. What Mr. Desenfans may mean, we know not; these are his words. But while Mr. D. is using three eyes in viewing a picture, perhaps he is not aware that the picture of any thing is the thing itself; as thus, "The art of painting is debased by the complaisance of calling it *a language*. It is a *mode of communication* as much superior to language, as the *image of any thing in a looking-glass* is more satisfactory and superior to *any mere account of the same thing* in words. It is difficult to say, and would *lead us into the depths of philosophy*, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ANY actual thing, and its image *in a glass;* and yet, so much only, and no more, can be the difference between that *actual thing*, and its *representation in painting;* but the *object painted* is *equally permanent* with what we may call the *actual or real one!*—the truth is, that THEY ARE ALL PICTURES ALIKE, painted equally on the retina, or optical sensorium."

(*Barry's Letter to the Dilletanti Society.*)

Mr. Evelyn wrote a book, called "Fumifugium," and in it inveighs against our using coal instead of wood for fuel, deforming our noblest buildings, and bringing on consumptions. *His* mode of expression is remarkable:—"The City of London (says he) resembles rather the face of Mount Etna, the court of Vulcan, Stromboli, or the *suburbs of hell*, than an assembly of rational creatures, and the imperial seat of our incomparable monarch."—(Pages 18, 19, 21, 30.)

Falconer, the author of the Shipwreck, did not shine in his first poetical effort, which was 'An Elegy, sacred to the Memory of Frederic, Prince of Wales:' for, towards the close of it, there is the most ludicrous simile that ever blemished the serious page of an author. The rising fame of the young prince he compares to the curling volumes of sable smoke, which mount in the atmosphere, and blacken all the sky!—reminding us of Butler's comparing the changing of the morning from black to red, to the circumstance which takes place in the boiling of a lobster.—(See *Hudibras*, part 2, canto 2.)

The Rev. Mr. Fawkes, in the year 1739, being at that time curate of Doncaster, thought fit to preach a sermon on the erection of an organ in the church. After having wound up his imagination to the highest pitch in praise of church-music, he adds, addressing himself to the organ, "But, O what!—O what!—what shall I call *thee* by? thou divine box of sounds!"
(*Miller's History of Doncaster*, p. 90.)

In the south aisle of the church at Tuxford, beneath a flowery arch, is a very rude relief of St. Lawrence placed on the gridiron. By him is a fellow with a bellows, blowing the fire; and the executioner going to turn him. The zealous Fox, in his Martyrology, has this very thought, and makes the martyr say, in the midst of his sufferings, *This side is now roasted; turn me, O tyrant great!*—(Pennant's Scotland, v. 1, p. 8.)

> This side enough is toasted;
> Turn, tyrant, then, and eat;
> And see, whether raw or roasted,
> I make the better meat.

Saint Foix, on the brutality of stag-hunting, adds, "The stag is mild and peaceable; he does not lie in ambush in the depths of a forest, to commit crimes; the more we view him, the more we admire his elegant shape, and the nobleness of his mien: *without disparaging man, he is a finer creature than he, and has none of his wickedness.*"—(Vol. 2, p. 245.)

According to the Peripatetics, the universe consisted of eleven spheres, inclosed within each other, as Fanshawe has

familiarly expressed it by a simile, which he has lent to Camoens. The first of these spheres, says Fanshawe,

——— Doth *(as in a nest*
Of boxes) all the other orbs comprise.

FULLER, in his Church History, book 5, p. 197, tells his readers, "Mr. A. keeps a very *hospital* table," (i. e. hospitable.)

A FRENCH lady, who was fond of disputing, one day exclaimed, "*Ma foi, c'est singulier, il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison.*"

The FRENCH Directory, in a letter to the Spanish Admiral Massaredo, were pleased to allude to *us* in these words:—"From a small corner of the earth, *which the sun seems to light with regret*, England *pretends* exclusively to the sovereignty of the seas,"

The FRENCH people are singular in their love for expletives: there is no medium in their tones for pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow. *Charmant* and *superbe* is the least you can say of what is recommended to your approbation. If you say less than *vilaine* of what you dislike, you will be deemed phlegmatic; if you are pleased, you must be *ravi;* if you are vexed, you must be *desolé;* if you are not in ecstacies, you must be *au desespoir:* to which may be added, the little million of prefixes, which are employed to great advantage, as *très*, *fort*, *infiniment*, which help to colour your expressions as far beyond nature as imagination extends. The French are inaccurate too, above all other nations, as to names. (Walpole says) Bassompierre calls York House, *Jorchaux;* and Kensington, Inimthort. Pillet, the French general, calls Mr. Wilberforce, Willeberforce; Mr. Whitbread, Whitebread, Withbread, and Withebread; Lancashire, Lancatsshire! A French journalist, quoting from our Gazette, "The Independent Whig," called it *La Perruque Indépendante.* Cibber's play of "Love's last Shift" was translated into *La derniere Chemise de l' Amour.* In the same manner, the French call our pugilists, or boxers, or, to speak more politely, the Fancy, *Messieurs de l' Imagination.* The French have also translated our Macbeth: it was adapted by M. Ducis, who substituted the odd name of *Frédégonde* for Lady Macbeth.

Mr. GODWIN, author of Political Justice, writes thus:—"To perceive that I ought to publish a certain discovery, is to perceive that publishing is preferable to not publishing it. But to perceive a preference, is to prefer; and to prefer, is to choose. The process is in this case complete." Now, to elucidate this,

we add, as a specimen, this, of "considering the causation of causes, in the causes of things."—(*Political Justice*, p. 352.) Again, in his 'Fleetwood'——but *he* is always metaphysical, if not algebraical: thus, "The passion of the countess was an *abstract propensity*—a *given quantity* of personal merit would charm her," &c.

Mr. GALT, author of the Life of Cardinal Wolsey, in describing one of the monuments in St. Paul's, speaks of two cheesemongers, with wings, exhibiting a couple of double Gloucesters, on which two naval officers have been scratched!

Monsieur GROSSLEY published his Travels in England, in 3 vols. 12mo.; and the ingenious author told his readers, in speaking of 'The North Briton,' a publication of Wilkes, that this periodical work was called the *Lord Byron*, and was the first essay in fencing of the English Clodius, John Wilkes.—(*Grimm.*)

Dr. GARTH, in the Dispensary, canto 1, shews a strong instance of the hyperbole, in these lines—

> So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
> And their swoln sinews *echoing blows repeat.*

The same author, in his Dispensary, has two lines, alluding to Querpo, (Dr. Howe,)—

> A *conventicle* flesh'd his greener years,
> And his full age th' envenom'd rancour shares.

Which, to read poetically, we must say convent-tickle.

Dr. ALEXANDER GRANT, in his Sermons, vol 3, p. 191, breaks out—"Let us *hope in God* that the time is not far distant, when this human miscreant (Buonaparte) shall be convinced of his mistake, by the signal notoriety of the just vengeance of Heaven in his punishment." Does not Dr. G's Master instruct him to love his enemies? and did not he pray, even for his murderers, upon the cross?

In the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, vol. 86, p. 596, is the following extraordinary piece of information: "By the Jewish law, as to adultery, the woman was put to death as well as the man, *so that the parties could neither of them marry again.*"

Lord GARDENSTONE has an odd way of expressing himself; as thus, "I shall consider of it; (*i. e.* travelling to Avignon by water;) if I cannot find a proper horse for my use, which is difficult: a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"—Vol. I, p. 56. The same lord, when travelling, saw, at Marseilles, 'a soapery,' as he calls it; and, in describing the process of the manufacture of soap, says, "At the last boiling, which requires a great force of heat, the liquid stuff rises in a surprising manner above the cauldron, and resembles, in this state, a jet d'eau

—*a more amusing object than* the king's jets d'eau at St. Cloud or Marly. It is necessary to add, that these jets do *not* play during the dog-days, or the hot months." Again, we find Lord GARDENSTONE saying, "I have remarked that the men and women, *and also the horses*, are larger and handsomer in Champaigne and Burgundy than elsewhere."—Vol. 1, p. 42.

HAWKE (Admiral,) who, in 1747, gained a victory over the French, taking seven ships out of eight, in his despatch to the Admiralty Board, informed the lords-commissioners, "that the French ships, *being large, took a great deal of drubbing*."

Dr. HARRINGTON wrote a song, beginning—"Ah! how Sophia?" which unquestionably sounds exactly like—a house a fire.

Sir RICHARD COLT HOARE, in his Antient Wiltshire, talks of "*maiden downs*," i. e. untouched by the plough, not broken up.

HOME, the celebrated auther of Douglas, seemed to have been very partial to alliteration; as, for example,

> My *f*ather *f*eeds his *f*lock, a *f*rugal swain.
> But when the *m*atter *m*atch'd his *m*ighty *m*ind.
> But with the *f*roward he was *f*ierce as *f*ire, &c.

We have not seen the inscription, but we have read, that the HABERDASHERS' Company once put over their hospital, or alms house, a new specimen of a mixed Latinity, in—SOCIETAS HABERDASHERORUM.

HUTTON, of Birmingham, has given, in his Life, some account of all his family; and, among the rest, of his daughter Catharine, who, "came into the world before her time, and perhaps was the smallest human being ever seen. Curiosity led me, (says he,) when a month old, to shut her up for a moment in the small draw of a bureau, with all her habiliments," &c. "This dear little *animal* (since the author of the Miser Married) had been two days in the world before I took the least notice of her, &c."—(*Life*, p. 63.) This is a new system of minute biography, which deserves record. The same Birmingham HUTTON, in detailing the life of his father, writes exactly thus: "After a miserable life, pressed down by affliction, he departed, December 13, 1758, *at the age of sixty-seven, five feet seven, corpulent, weighing about sixteen stone*."—(*Hutton's Life*, p. 28.)

That was a very calm and sedate speech of IGNATIUS, Bishop of Antioch, in the reign of Trajan, who, when his martyrdom drew near, and was about to be thrown into a den of lions,

said, "Let me be ground in the teeth of wild beasts, that I may be found fine flour in the house of my father."—(*Eusebius*, l. 3, c. 36.)

Dr. JORTIN, speaking of those sectarians who rely too much upon the efficacy of works of supererogation; and of the other side, who go to a contrary extreme, consider good works as a bugbear, and hate the very sound of the words; punningly adds, "Some writers of this sort contracted such a superstitious dread of relying on *good works*, that they would not even make a *good book*, or employ the carnal weapon of human reason."

Dr. JOHNSON, in his pamphlet, 'Taxation no Tyranny,' had a passage no way soothing to the Americans; it was, in fact, ludicrous as well as exasperating. It was this: "That the colonists could with no solidity argue, from their not having been taxed while in their infancy, that they should not now be taxed: *We do not put a calf into the plough: we wait till he is an ox.*" Being a ministerial pamphlet, however, one of the state secretaries put his pen across this passage. The same author, in his Dictionary, gave us this definition of excise:—"A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." He also describes a commissioner of excise as "one of the two lowest of all human beings!" But the best of the joke is what Mr. Boswell adds, in his Life of Dr. Johnson, vol. 1, p. 275, viz. that the Board of Excise pro tempore, thus aggrieved, laid a case before the attorney-general for his opinion: he deemed it libellous; but advised the commissioners to take no farther steps. Mr. Mansfield, afterwards Lord Mansfield, was the attorney-general! Dr. JOHNSON also defined net-work as "any thing *reticulated*, or *decussated*, with *interstices* at equal distances between the *intersections*."—(*Dictionary.*)

Cherries in brandy.—"It is a singular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immersed."—(KNIGHT'S *Progress of Civil Society.*)

KILLED OFF! was an expression once unhappily made use of in the British senate, by some cold-blooded metaphysician; but, to shew how easily military men are reconciled to the thing itself, Mr. LABAUME has given us an anecdote of the campaign against Russia by Buonaparte. It appears that, towards the extreme right, the Russians had a redoubt, which, by its destructive fire, spread consternation through the French line.

After a sanguinary combat of about an hour, this redoubt was carried, with the loss of twelve hundred men, who remained dead in the entrenchments: and, next day, when Napoleon was reviewing the sixty-first regiment, which had suffered the greatest loss, he asked the colonel what had become of one of his battalions?—"SIRE! (replied he) *It is in the redoubt!*"

Mr. LOCKE uses *often* for frequent, see sec. 66, on Education—"And see, by *often* trials, what turn they take." In the same work, he says, sec. 94, "And finding it *a quite other* thing."

MARTIN LUTHER thus *elegantly* expresses himself about the Catholics:—'The Papists are all asses; put them in whatever form you please, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same—asses! The pope, (he says) was born out of the devil, full of devils, lies, blasphemies, and idolatries; he is Antichrist, the robber of churches, the ravisher of virgins, the greatest of pimps, the governor of Sodom,' &c. &c.

The editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE, No. 49, tells us, "that Miss Kelly has been assailed in Dublin by a maniac, who followed her home from the theatre. It is strange (says he) that this actress should not only attract the admiration of all sane persons, but so peculiarly excite idiots and madmen." The editor then is pleased to add, "It may appear to be a paradox, but we could support a thesis upon it, and trace this surprising effect to the matchless nature, and consequent pathos of her dramatic performances." Now this may be meant as a superinflated compliment to Miss Kelly; but the English of it is, to desire people to stay away when she performs; for, sane and insane, wise and ideotic, they must be, or go mad perforce, according to the thesis the editor "could support."

MERCIER, in his Fragments, vol. 1, p. 106, has the following, under the head of 'Individual Liberty:'—"By the laws of equilibrium, we are enabled to support a weight of about thirty-one thousand pounds, well distributed over the whole surface of our body; and we cannot stir without raising this enormous weight. Thus, environed by a multitude of laws, that which secures to us *individual liberty* is the counterpoise of all the others; and, without it, we should be every instant crushed."

Sir THOMAS MORE's Life of Edward V., 1641, is entitled his "*Pityful* Life of Edward V."

A French writer, of the sixteenth century, NICOLAS DE MONTAND, (Miroir des Francais,) expresses himself in a lively

manner on the nakedness for which he blames his countrywomen.—"As for your women, (says he,) they have learned the fashion of the soldiers of these times, who make a shew of their gilded and shining breasts: when they are mustered for going to mass, or to orchards or gardens, or other private places, which shall be nameless, they shew their naked breasts, their diaphragms, heart, lungs, and other pectoral parts, that have a perpetual motion, which those good ladies move by rule and compass, like a watch, or rather like a smith's bellows, that kindles the fire of a forge. It is just so with our ladies, who, with the blowing or respiration of their lungs, kindle a fire in the hearts of the Heliogabalists of our court, who are already but too much effeminated and heated in their desires. But, to inflame them the better, or to burn them altogether, our court Medeas invert all the arts that nature could produce for the good of mankind, and convert them into lascivious, infamous, and base, things."

At the trial of the regicides, Henry Marten, who was one, said, "He did not deny the fact, but that he did not do it maliciously, murderously, or traiterously." Upon which, Mr. Solicitor general, addressing the bench, said, "My lord! he thinks a man may sentence the king to death, and sign a warrant for his execution, *meekly, innocently, charitably, and honestly.*"

Newton (Bishop of Bristol,) speaking of his marriage, said, *it was the wisest thing he ever did in his life*, and that she was the most proper wife for him in the world; indeed, (he adds,) *she more than answered his warmest wishes.*—(*Life*, vol. 1, p. 81.

It is surprising what ridiculous associations are made by those who attempt to speak in a language they do not, but pretend to, understand. Sir William Hamilton, conversing with an Italian lady at Naples, who would persuade herself she had learned English, asked her how many children she had?—"I have done seven," said the lady.

Mr. Pinkerton, in his Modern Geography, second edition, page 571 of vol 2, has the following most extraordinary passage—"The apes and the monkies may be said to possess the sovereignty of the islands, (the Celebes,) being distinguished, as with us, into those who wear tails, and those who do not. The common people of this singular empire walk on four legs, while the noble apes are distinguished by walking on two; and the white are more dangerous than the black or the brown. This mighty aristocracy has declared war against women: the

first who perceives a human creature of that sex, assembles his companions with loud cries, and, after having seized and abused their unhappy prey, they strangle her, and tear her to pieces. The Eves of Celebes are chiefly protected by the serpents who pursue the apes as their favourite prey. But the natives are obliged to be constantly on their guard, to defend their women and their fields from animals equally lascivious and voracious."

Counsellor PHILLIPS in his Recollections of Curran, says page 19, "There is attached to it, (Dublin College,) amongst other advantages, a most magnificent library, of which the regulations were so rigid, and the public hours so few, that it had become, *to the externs particularly, almost entirely useless.*"

"There are (says Mr. SAMUEL PEGGE) some few words often heard by us in the Church-service, and in Holy Writ, which, according to our present ideas annexed to them, are very unlucky in their situations. I do not mean (says he) to jest on so serious a subject; but, at the same time, cannot conceive that above one in one thousand can possibly know the meaning of 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings;' though all utter it, with a supposition, perhaps, that it extends to our *mis*-doings. Such mental interpretation will do no harm. It rather means, according to one sense of *prævino*, 'go before,' or 'guide us.'"

"Pray, (said Mr. Spence,) what is this asphodil of Homer?" "Why, (replied POPE,) I believe, if one was to say the truth, 'twas nothing else but that poor yellow flower that grows about our orchards; and, if so, the verse might be thus translated in English:

——— the stern Achilles
Stalk'd through a mead of *daffodillies.*"

PLINY, l. 7, c. 52, says that Hermotimus, the Clazomenian, was subject to trances; and that, when he revived, he would relate such things at a distance performed, that none could tell of but such as were present. At last, being in one of his trances, his enemies seized upon his body and burnt it; *by which the returning soul was disappointed of its usual place of residence and retreat.*

Mr. PENNANT, describing the water of Derwentwater, observes, that "it is subject to violent agitations, and often without any apparent cause. The weather was calm, yet the waves ran a great height, and the boat was tossed violently, with what is called a *bottom-wind.*" Now the very idea, as well as ex-

pression, must have proceeded from his reading of Cotton's Virgil Travsetie, wherein Eolus and his gang trouble the Trojans amazingly in the same way. From Swift we might have expected it. Again, Mr. PENNANT, speaking of Corallines, says, "They were so admirably managed by my friend the late Mr. Ellis, to whom Linnæus gave the title of Lynceus Ellisius: but for some years before his death, by too great an exertion of his Lyncean faculties, he was totally deprived of even the common blessing of sight." This is punning about a friend's misfortune, which we are persuaded Mr. P. could not do designedly.—(*Dover Tour*, vol 2, p. 76.) The same author, speaking of an animal bought of Mr. Brookes, at Somers' Town, who deals in such live-stock, oddly designates him as an *animal merchant:* he might nearly as well have said, animal manufacturer, because it was of the cub of a wolf and a dog he was speaking.—(*Scotland*, I. 160.) Mr. PENNANT, in his History of London, invariably puts for the superlative least, *lest;* and quotes Dr. Wallis as his authority.

Nothing can exceed the strange mode of expression adopted by the QUAKERS, though a sect ever to be admired. They call churches steeple-houses, though they are presumed to know what they are; coaches are leathern conveniences; they clip and disfigure the king's English into most ungrammatical postures, *theeing* and *thouing* us with all the stiffness of unyielding buckram. Still this quaintness of expression used by the Quakers was not always so quiet, peaceable, and orderly, as now. One of this class, a primitive enthusiast, whose name was Fisher, indulged himself in the succeeding flow of vituperation at Dr. Owen. The Doctor was thus addressed by friend Fisher:—"Thou fiery fighter and green-headed trumpeter; thou hedge-hog and grinning dog; thou bastard, that tumbled out of the mouth of the Babylonish bawd; thou mole; thou tinker; thou lizard; thou bell of no metal, but the tone of a kettle; thou wheelbarrow; thou whirlpool; thou whirligig; O thou firebrand; thou adder and scorpion; thou louse; thou cow-dung; thou moon-calf; thou ragged tatterdemalion; thou Judas; thou livest in philosophy and logic, which are of the devil!"—(Vide *Cotton Mather.*)

Dr. ROBERTSON, says in his History of Charles V., vol. 4, page 362, "But I afterwards found that he was a man of the greatest *dissolution* in the world."

ROBINET, in his work, 'De la Nature,' speaking of the intellect, expresses it by *oval fibres;*—of memory, by undulated or *spiral fibres;*—of will, by *fretted fibres;*—of pleasure and pain, by *bundles of sensibility!*

Count RUMFORD gives us, in the following extract, (*Philosophical Essays*, vol. 1, p. 251,) the useful hint of eating a hot hasty-pudding by gradual advances, circumventing the outwork, and storming the parapet. These are his words—"THE HASTY-PUDDING being spread out equally on a plate while hot, an *excavation* is made in the middle of it with a *spoon*, into which *excavation* a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, &c.; the butter, being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar, and forms a sauce, which, being *confined in the excavation*, occupies *the middle of the plate!*" Thus far for the array:—Now for the battle. "Dip each *spoonful* in the *same*, *before it is carried to* THE MOUTH, *care* being had, *in taking it up*, to *begin on the outside*, and near the BRIM OF THE PLATE, and to APPROACH the CENTRE BY GRADUAL ADVANCES, in order not to DEMOLISH too soon the EXCAVATION, which forms the RESERVOIR of the sauce!" This, gentle reader, is the philosophy of hasty-pudding, or rather of eating it.

Most of the despatches of Admirals have begun very piously —"It has pleased God"—"God has been pleased"—"God," &c. But the commencement of Lord RODNEY's public letter to Mr. Stephens, on obtaining his victory over Compte de Grasse, comprehended a new idea of Providence; for he stated that, "It had pleased God, *out* of his divine Providence, to grant to his majesty's arms a most complete victory over the fleet of his enemy."

Dr. SHARP, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words, *I say*. An under graduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in his peculiarity, he sent for him to give him a jobation, which he thus began: "I say—they say—you say—I say—*I say;*"—when, finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding the young satirist begone to his room.—(*Grose's Olio.*)

SOUTHERLAND, describing Bilberti's famous picture of Clorinda, at Leghorn, in which, just disencumbered of her armour, she sweetly reposes *in puris naturalibus*, while Tancred is looking on, our author says, "I confess to you, that, like him, I dared not suffer my eyes to wander below her neck, lest her's should open and avenge the profanation. An adverse look from such an angel would be more insupportable than the most tormenting death!" And again, when the gallant captain sees a Mary Magdalen, who "displays a neck which even an anchoret would forever hang upon. She herself with all the earnestness of her supplication, seems scarce to dare hope to

be forgiven. But, were there a doubt of it, sweet penitent! (the captain adds,) *I* should die distracted."—(*Tour up the Streights*, p. 277.)

SYLVESTER, describing the Lord's coming to Judgment, expresses it thus:

> Mercy and justice, marching *cheek by joule*,
> Shall his divine triumphant chariot roll.

SIMPSON, in his Plea for Religion, speaking of Bishops, says, "A very serious attempt was made to remove the things objected to in our church, soon after the Revolution, under the auspices of those excellent men, TILLOTSON, PATRICK, TENNISON, KIDDER, STILLINGFLEET, BURNET, and others; but, being opposed by a large number of old-wifely *bishops*, all their efforts came to nothing. They had been accustomed to read *mumpsimus* all their lives, and *mumpsimus* it should be, they were determined; and the two *Houses of Parliament* were disposed to acquiesce in their papistical and superstitious views. We shall rarely have again, at one time, such a constellation of learned, pious, and liberal-minded bishops as then adorned the English church."

The SPANISH ladies seem almost as fond of the sanguinary effects of bull-feasts, as the Romans were of the scenes in their amphitheatres. When a bull, that has got a character in some of the former feasts, has been passing by, I have heard some of the ladies cry, "O the dear creature!" and others, "Blessed be the soul of the mother who bore thee! thou hast killed thy six men." *Beneditta sia l'alma della madre, che lo pario! matto sei uomini.*—(SPENCE.)

"I would," said Lord SHELBURNE, speaking on the American war,—"I would," said his lordship, (after prophesying that England's sun would set for ever, if independence was granted to America.)—"keep up a little twilight, to light up another—and another—and another—sun." The twilight which his lordship recommended England to keep in her pocket for future use, was, (it has been observed,) perhaps, prophetically allusive to Botany Bay, the Hottentot settlement, and future Pargas.

SALMASIUS attacked Milton, and wrote an apology for Charles I., beginning it in this remarkable way:—"O ye English, who toss about the heads of kings as if they were tennis-balls, and play at bowls with crowns, and treat sceptres with no more respect than if they were toys!"

Mr. SOUTHEY, in his Travels in Spain and Portugal, p. 63, says, "Three people passed us with wens, and I puzzled myself in vainly attempting to account for the *connection* between wens and mountains." The same writer demonstrates the stupidity of mankind.—"Every body (says he) now believes in the merit of Paradise Lost, as they believe in their creed; and, in ninety and nine instances out of a hundred, with as little comprehension of the mysteries of the one as of the other!"—(*Specimens of the English Poets.*)

Dr. SMOLLETT, who felt his heart softened at the sight of the famous statue of the Venus de Medicis, says, her limbs and proportions are so elegantly formed, "and the back parts, especially, are executed so happily, as to excite the admiration of the most indifferent spectator." He exclaims, with Lucian, *Ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent*, &c. —(*Works*, vol. 5, p. 446.)

Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, in his Code of Health, thus expresses himself about pork:—"Pork is a savoury food; and, as this animal is of no use to man when alive, it is therefore properly designed for food; and besides, from its loathsome appearance, it is killed without reluctance." The same author is so kind as to make an apology for the unsightliness of the human stomach. "The stomach (says he) is far from recommending itself by any elegance of appearance; on the contrary it is generally considered an unsightly membraneous pouch; but the delicacy of its texture, the consideration of its extraordinary powers, and the importance of its functions to the health and existence of the human frame, must create a salutary reluctance to hazard any practice by which it can be injured."—(*Sinclair's Code of Health*, vol. 1. p. 515.)

Of wit and humour, STERNE decides thus:—"It is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; *it is the gift of God!* and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him."—(*Letter* 125.)

SAILORS say, *we* carried away our mizen-mast, a thing they are no way inclined to do, particularly in a storm.

The gentle Doctor SOUTH could, in argumentative allusion, use such a term as, "hell and damnation proof;" which is going as far as a point could be urged.

STATESMEN and lawyers are sometimes peculiar in their modes of expression. The reverend commissary, Blair, who projected the college in the province of Virginia, and was in England to solicit benefactions and a charter, relates that, the

queen, (Mary,) in the king's absence, having ordered the attorney-general (Seymour) to draw up the charter, which was to be given, with two thousand pounds in money, he opposed the grant, saying that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least occasion for a college in Virginia. Blair represented to him, that its intention was to educate and qualify young men to be ministers of the Gospel, much wanted there; and begged Mr. Attorney-general would consider, that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. *Souls!* said he, *damn your souls!* make *tobacco!* —(*Franklin's Correspondence*, vol. 1, p. 158.)

Jeremy Taylor, in his Holy Living and Dying, p. 73, says, "Virgins must *contend* for a singular modesty; whose first part must be, an ignorance in the distinction of sexes."

Honest old *angling-loving* Isaac Walton must not be forgotten. He thus instructs his piscatory pupils to handle a frog: —"Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained—none but He, whose name is Wonderful, knows how. I say, put your hook through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stick, to the arming-wire of your hook; and, in so doing, use him *as though you loved him.*"

Mr. Wyndham, in expressing his disapprobation of the volunteer system, which was thought necessary in 1803, (and since,) maintained, "that the volunteer corps were not only undisciplined, but were *characterised by a total incapacity for discipline;* they never could be capable of that discipline necessary to make them useful; *it was as impossible, as to make a silk purse of a sow's ear.* He entered his protest against the system."—(*Morning Herald*, Dec. 13, 1803.) And again, "Let the volunteers consider themselves, not as soldiers, but as armed citizens. What I am anxious for is, *not that the same men should continue long in arms*, but that the whole population should take this duty in their turn. I should like to have them *hot and hot* in the service."—(*Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 10, 1803.) Speaking of the recruits put into the second battalions, "they (said he) have not yet got rid of their *grass-flesh, the beer is hardly out of their bellies.*"—(*Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 10, 1803.) Other such unlucky slips of the tongue, in the senate, have caused the utterers more baiting than a hundred bulls: for instance, *acquitted felons*, applied to men who

have been tried by a jury of their country, and found innocent. *Perish commerce, let our constitution live;* a mere senseless flourish, really spoken by Mr. WYNDHAM, though Mr. Hardinge fathered those words. *A vigour beyond the law;* and this uttered in England, not at Berlin, where the practice exists. *Cheese-parings and candles' ends; i. e.* snug places, of two to seven thousand a year, thought of as such. *Cold economy*, a thing scouted by ministers, and therefore only to be scorned. *Indemnification for the past, and security for the future;* a pompous phrase, once used under *existing circumstances;* the meaning since explained.

Sir NATHANIEL WRAXALL, (in his Own Time Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 173,) speaking of Buonaparte, says, "A Corsican adventurer has *conscribed* the country." And, in page 336, "London must have been fundamentally overturned." The following mode of expression, used by Sir N. WRAXALL, (vol. 2, p. 177,) is very fine:—"*The clerks of the board of green cloth* diffused over the *throne* a Gothic *grandeur*, calculated to protect and *perpetuate* the *sanctity* of the monarchical office!"

A worse prince than King John scarce ever disgraced the English throne; and the historian may save himself the odious task (it has been observed) of drawing up his character, by referring to the annals of his life, as son, uncle, and king, by a contemporary writer, who says, "*Hell felt herself defiled by his admission.*' *Fœdatur Johanne Gehenna.*

"I have heard (says WALPOLE) of a general officer, who may be classed with the Archbishop of Grenada. When he was about ninety years of age, he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers, diverting themselves with some girls.—'Is this, gentlemen, the example *I* give you?'"

At the quarter-sessions at Doncaster, one of the high-constables of Osgoldcross was indicted for *extorting*, *by virtue of his office*, money to the amount of £1250, to which he pleaded guilty.—(*Dodsley's Register*, 1766.) This expression, "*by virtue of*," has very often an odd effect: We remember reading, in the Annals of France—"This morning the king's counsel quashed two arrêts; one of the parliament of Grenoble, and the other of that of Rouen; *by virtue of which*, two persons have been broken on the wheel, *who have since been found to be innocent*, by the confession of the real criminals."

An Englishman is not only fond of sights, but he is also fond of expressing himself in his own peculiar and independent style. One of our countrymen applied, when at Berlin, to the lord-

marechal, to present him to the king, Frederic the Great. His lordship told him, that it was not such an easy matter, and that many great noblemen had been refused. "Faith! (said the Englishman,) it is not that I care much about it; but, as I have already seen five kings, I should have been glad to make up the half dozen."

Military commanders, in their bulletins, report so many men as *missing!* a word of extreme odd meaning. A small fight they have baptised as *an affair!*

A thing being done in *no* time, is a common expression, but against all chronology

"Kneeling on your knees" may be found in one part of the Prayer-book.

Our old translators of the Bible often insert—"He answered and said"—a redundancy.

How came the strange expresssion of *enjoying* a bad state of health? Of all the enjoyments, this is one that we are most anxious to get rid of. Giles Jobbins said, his wife had *enjoyed* a bad state of health for many years.

We often hear this expression—"*High* words passed between them;" but the parties using them being of the most vulgar and illiterate description, they must have been *low* words in a high tone.

In a poetical epistle to a young lady, with a present of a pen-knife, the following odd couplet commences it:

Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave the proverb to the herd.

By the by, one of the most common queries of all, made in the way of salutation, is very uncouth, however idiomatic it may be; we mean that of—*How do you do?*

It would be whimsical, though not ungrammatical, were we to hear a person say, "*that that that that that* person laid an emphasis upon, is not *that that that* should have been used."

REPUBLICS.—REPUBLIC OF BABINE.

A French writer asks, Which would you have your country to be—a monarchy, or a republic? This is a question which has been bandied to and fro for thousands of years. Ask the rich which is best, and they will unanimously vote for an aris-

tocracy: enquire of the people, and they will one and all cry up a democracy: as for royalty, it is, for the most part, kings only who will prefer it. How, then, comes it to pass, the whole earth is governed by monarchs? Ask the *rats*, who propose to hang a bell about the cat's neck!—But the true reason is, that men very rarely deserve to be their own governors. Europe *had* eight republics without monarchs—Venice, Holland, Switzerland, Genoa, Lucca, Ragusa, Geneva, St. Marino. Events have proved that the system of republics is an unsafe one: even America and Switzerland will yet become monarchical. But let us turn our attention to a republic not much known, exceedingly safe, and as eminently useful; we mean that of the

Republic of Babine.—There was a very extensive lordship, near Lublin, in Poland, which has been long in the possession of the house of Psamka, the eldest branches of which are called Lords of Babine, the name of the estate. There was, at the court of Sigismund, Augustus, a gentleman of the family of Psamka, who, in concert with Peter Cassovius, bailiff of Lublin, formed a society, which the Polish writers call 'The Republic of Babine;' and which the Germans denominate 'The Society of Fools.' This society was instituted upon the model of the republic of Poland; it has its king, its chancellor, its counsellors, its archbishops, bishops, judges, and other officers. In this republic, Psamka had the title of captain, and Cassovius that of chancellor. When any of the members did or said any thing at their meetings, which was unbecoming or ill-timed, they immediately gave him a place, of which he was required to perform the duties, till another was appointed in his stead: for example, if any one spoke too much, so as to engross the conversation, he was appointed orator of the republic: if he spoke improperly, occasion was taken from his subject to appoint him a suitable employment; if, for instance, he talked about dogs, he was made master of the buck-hounds; if he boasted of his courage, he was made a knight, or perhaps a field-marshal; and if he expressed a bigotted zeal for any speculative opinion in religion, he was made an inquisitor. The offenders being thus distinguished for their follies, and not their wisdom, gave occasion to the Germans to call the republic 'The Society of Fools;' which, though a satire on the individuals, was by no means so on the institution. It happened that the King of Poland, one day, asked Psamka, if they had chosen a king in their republic? To which he replied, 'God forbid that we should think of electing a king while your majesty lives: your majesty will always be king of Babine, as well as Poland.' The king was not displeased with

this sally of humour; and inquired farther to what extent their republic reached? 'Over the whole world,' says Psamka; 'for we are told, by David, that all men are liars.' This society very soon increased so much, that there was scarce any person at court who was not honoured with some post in it; and its chiefs were also in high favour with the king. The view of this society was to teach the young nobility a propriety of behaviour, and the arts of conversation: and it was a fundamental law, that no slanderer should be received into it. The regiment of the Calot, which was many years since established in the court of France, was very similar to the republic of Babine.

We sadly want an institution of this sort near this court: it would, perhaps, be as good a school for future statesmen, as a board of admiralty: and, as we have union-clubs of all sorts now upon the *tapis*, who knows but we shall yet see a British Babine Republic?

JONAH.

William Alabaster, a learned but eccentric English divine, in the days of Elizabeth, commented upon Jonah in a way Father Garasse complains of. "Alabaster's exposition (says Garasse) is far from common sense; for he patches up some rabinnical fancies, that are indeed pleasant, if they were as solidly grounded as they are subtilely invented. He avers, (in his Apparatus, printed 1607,) that Jonas remained punctually three days and three nights in the whale's belly, in the following manner:—Jonas, says he, was carried to the very centre of the world, as he himself acknowledges. Now, being in that place, he had both day and night at one time; for, looking towards our hemisphere, he had the day before, and the night behind, him; and then, the next day, quite contrary; so that, having remained there but one day and a half, he remained there three whole days; forasmuch as the space must be doubled, because he had all at once what we have successively."

The Rabbins also give another idle story. They say that the fish which swallowed Jonah had seven eyes, which served as so many windows for the prophet to see all that was in the sea; and, amongst other things, the way which the Israelites took in crossing the Red Sea.

But Jonah's whale has been found!—Strange as it may appear, yet at Joppa itself, the skeleton of a whale, thrown inland, had been preserved, and was brought from thence to Rome in the Ædileship of M. Scaurus. This curious fact is detailed

from Pliny; and the skeleton, as Mr. Jacob Bryant is persuaded, from its antiquity and situation, was that of the *very* cetus (or fish) to which the history of Jonah refers. He supports his opinion by the consideration of its size, and the nature of the coast being such as to admit the ejection of a monster from the deep far in upon the land;—a circumstance which powerfully corroborates the history.

We are reminded, while on this subject, of the Rev. Zachary Boyd's poem—"Jonah." It is most probable that he adapted his verse to the intellects of his hearers, which can be the only excuse for the variety of gross imagery, of which part of the soliloquy of Jonah in the fish's belly will be thought a sufficient specimen.

I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine.
The like of this on earth, man never saw,
A living man within a monster's maw!
Buried under mountains, which are high and steep!
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep!
Not so was Noah, in his house of tree,
For through a window he the light did see;
He sailed above the highest waves, a wonder,
I and my boat are all the waters under!
He and his ark might go and also come;
But I sit still in such a straighten'd room
As is most uncouth; head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother; &c.

Mr. Boyd, who (Mr. Pennant says) was a worthy, *learned*, and pious divine, of Glasgow, lived above a century and a half ago; and, when he died, bequeathed his fortune and *manuscripts* to the College;—a rare and munificent bequest, judging by this extract.

ASSIZES HELD BY CROWS.

Edmonston, in his Account of Zetland, gravely informs us, that the crows seldom associate there, unless for the "purpose of holding what is called *The Crows' Court.*"—"This institution exhibits a curious fact in their history. Numbers of crows are seen to assemble, on a particular hill or field, from many different points. On some occasions, the meeting does not appear to be complete before the expiration of a day or two. As soon as all the *deputies* have arrived, a very general noise and croaking ensue; and shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals, whom they persecute and beat until they kill them. When this has been accomplished, they quietly disperse." At what particular term or season of the year these crows-courts are held, he does not tell; probably between Hilary and Easter.

But, is it not more likely that the object of these assizes is the making up of matches, (in the Moravian manner,) rather than a grand jury, finding bills of indictment and then trying and punishing delinquents?

But Landt, in his Description of the Feroe Islands, corroborates these extraordinary assemblies, which may be called crow-courts. They collect in great numbers, as if they had been all summoned for the occasion. A few of the flock sit with drooping heads, says Landt; others seem as grave as if they were on the woolsack; and some are exceedingly active and noisy. In the course of about an hour, the assembly disperse; and it is not uncommon to find one or two left dead on the spot.

The ancient French fixed upon two ravens, to put an end to a tedious and expensive law-suit. The parties placed two cakes, made of flour diluted in oil and wine, upon a board, which was carried to the side of a lake. *Two* ravens would presently light upon this board, and would break and scatter about one of the cakes, whilst they devoured the other entirely. That party, whose cake was only scattered about, gained his cause;—a very cheap way of going to law!

THE ROSARY.

This is a religious implement of universal vogue. There is a picturesqueness in the bead-string, with its appendant cross or crucifix, when hanging round the neck of the young female devotee, or even in the hands of the trembling aged. It is strange, that Mr. Price, Mr. Repton, and others, who contemplate beauty in effect, should have dwelt more on pigsties and donkies than on these beads, which are also of the class *utile*. In former days, before this useful arithmetical invention to measure out prayer was discovered, people used to offer their devotions without any regularity as to length. By this ingenious contrivance, however, the exact scale or tally is estimated; for it appears that a full rosary consists of one hundred and sixty-five beads, (or pepper-corns, or cornelians, or nutmegs, or any thing that can be strung, will do,) that is, of fifteen decades, with a bead of larger magnitude at the end of each, which is for the Pater Noster; the rest, *i. e.* the smaller ones, for the Ave Marias. Now, by this happy discovery, the devout memory may be jogged, should it stick too much to the Ave Maria instead of the Pater Noster, and *vice versa*. The current number of prayers may also be kept up by this tarif, with the help of the mere fingers and the lips, and without troubling

the heart or the understanding, both of which may be allowed to make their excursions during this act of efficient devotion. Finally, the machine is of small expense, and very portable; it may be used standing, sitting, lying, walking, kneeling. The world is indebted to the fruitfulness of St. Dominic's brain for the Rosary and the Inquisition. We quote a miracle to shew the efficaciousness of the Rosary.—"A damsel, whose name was Alexandra, induced by St. Dominic's preaching, used the Rosary; but her heart followed too much after the things of this world. Two young men, who were rivals for her, fought, and both fell in the combat; and their relations, in revenge, cut off her head, and threw it into a well. The devil immediately seized her soul, to which it seems he had a clear title; *but, for the sake of the Rosary*, the Virgin interfered, rescued the soul out of his hands, and gave it permission to remain in the head, at the bottom of the well, till it should have an opportunity of confessing, and being absolved. After some days, this was revealed to St. Dominic, who went to the well, and told Alexandra, in God's name, to come up: the bloody head obeyed, perched on the well-side, confessed its sins, received absolution, took the wafer, and continued to edify the people for two days, when the soul departed, to pass a fortnight in purgatory, on its way to heaven."—(*Quarterly Review.*) After all, this small and picturesque engine is preferable to *praying by machinery;* for Mr. Moorcroft informs us, in his 'Journey to Lake Manasawara, in Undés, a province in Little Thibet,' that the inhabitants use the following most extraordinary way of saying their prayers:—It is done by motion, which may be effected by the powers of steam, wind, or water. A large hollow cylinder, like a drum, is erected, within which is inclosed all the written prayers the people choose to offer, and then it is set going, by being whirled round its own axis; thus saving the trouble of repeating them. Mr. Turner, whose Travels in Thibet are before the public, corroborates the account of these whirligigs. They are common, also, among the Monguls, the Calmucks, and the Kalkas; so that the engineers for these pious wheels must have a tolerably extensive trade, as this national mode of worship is naturally liable to wear out. But even this mode is innocence itself, compared with that of a set of savages, who *pray people to death;* for Lisiansky, in his Voyage round the World, gives us an account of an extra-religious sect, in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogate to themselves the power of praying people to death. Whosoever incurs their displeasure, receives notice that the homicide-litany is about to begin; and such are the effects of imagination, that the very notice is frequently sufficient, with these weak people, to produce the effect, or to drive them to acts of suicide. But we

find, in the course of our reading, some who are so devout, that their tears *wash the floors*. There are others, whose knees become *horny*, by genuflexion overmuch, as we find in Lyson's Britannia, vol. 1.—How Dr. Richard Sandy, alias Napier, was a physician and astrologer, and had considerable practice, in consequence of the report that he held conversations with the angel Raphael. It was said of this empirical divine, that he was so devout, that his knees grew *horny* by much praying, and that he died (1634) in that posture, at a great age.—Others are bent upon saving time in their devotions, for upon no other principle can we account, than the above, for the following anecdote of two queens: While Queen Caroline dressed, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bed-chamber-woman in waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain, Doctor Madox, (afterwards bishop of Worcester,) begin the service. He said, archly, "And a very proper altar-piece is here!" Queen Anne had the same custom: and once ordering the door to be shut, while she dressed, the chaplain stopped. The queen sent to ask, why he did not proceed? He replied, "He would not whistle the word of God through a key-hole."—(*Walpole's Reminiscences.*) Lloyd, in his State Worthies, page 194, gives us an instance of the efficacy of a *royal* prayer: for Sir John Cheeke, king Edward the Sixth's tutor, being once desperately sick, the king enquiring after his health every day, the physician frankly told him there was no hope of life, and that he looked upon him as a dead man. "No," said the king, "he will not die at this time; for this morning I begged his life from God in my prayers, and obtained it:" which accordingly came to pass; for, contrary to all expectation, he speedily recovered. This, says Dr. Fuller, was attested by the old Earl of Huntingdon, bred up in his childhood with King Edward, to Sir *Thomas* Cheeke, who was alive anno 1654, and eighty years of age. King Edward the Sixth was young and innocent!

Sir Thomas More had, for some time, but two daughters; one of whom, it will be recollected, shewed remarkable piety towards him. Lady More, however, was for ever praying for a boy. At length, she obtained her wish. The boy, coming to man's estate, proved but simple: Sir Thomas thereupon said to his wife, Thou prayedst so long for a boy, that *he will be a boy as long as he lives.*

St. Augustine had a singular mode of praying. In his younger life he was exceedingly incontinent. He reports of himself that he prayed for continency, but was not willing to be heard too soon; for, saith he, "I had rather have my desires satisfied than extinguished."—*(Chetwynd's Hist. Collections.)*

When a Highland party of robbers was formed for an expedition against their neighbour's property, they and their friends prayed as earnestly to Heaven for success, as if they were engaged in the most laudable design. The constant petition of grace of the old Highland chieftains was delivered with great fervour, in these terms: "Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread out of it." The plain English of this pious request was, that the world might become, for their benefit, a scene of rapine and confusion.—(*Pennant's Scotland*, vol. 2, p. 400.)

Mr. Warner (*Miscellanies*, p. 38) has been pleased to inform the world, "that the late right honourable C. J. Fox never omitted saying the Lord's Prayer whenever he went to bed, whether early or late, *whether under the influence of wine, or in his sober senses.*" Birmingham Hutton has, like Mr. Warner, been as careful to record a similar thing. "Looking into my father's pocket-book, I found this resolution, written a month before—'O Lord, by thy assistance, I will not enter a public-house on this side Easter.'"—(*Life*, p. 30.) The old gentleman, according to his *son's* account, was amazingly fond of a cup of ale.

Other nations pray for rain, as we do. In a season of great drought, in Persia, a schoolmaster, at the head of his pupils, marched out of Schiraz, in procession, to pray for rain; when a wag asked where they were going? The tutor told him, and said, "He doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children." "My honest friend," said the humourist, "if that were the case, I fear there would be no schoolmasters left alive."

Let us also take a view of some short prayers, said in the midst of bustle and hurry.

Dr. William King, formerly principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, relates the following anecdote:—"In 1715, I dined with the Duke of Ormond, at Richmond; we were fourteen at table. There was my Lord Marr, my Lord Jersey, my Lord Arran, my Lord Lansdown, Sir William Wyndham, Sir Edmond Everard, and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The rest of the company I do not remember. During dinner, there was a jocular dispute, (I forget how it was introduced,) concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham told us, that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim—'*O God! if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!*' This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least very

improper, where a learned and religious prelate was one of the company. But I had soon an opportunity of making a different reflection. Atterbury seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir William Wyndham, said, "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another, as short, but much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier, in the same circumstances—'*O God! if, in the day of battle, I forget thee, do thou not forget me!*'" This, as Atterbury pronounced it, with his usual grace and dignity, was immediately felt by the whole company; and the Duke of Ormond, who was the best-bred man of his age, suddenly turned the discourse to another subject.—(*King's Anecdotes of his own Times*, p. 7—9.) But David Hume, the historian, makes out this second prayer to have been pronounced by Lord Astley, a distinguished cavalier, before he charged at the battle of Edgehill, as, "*O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do thou not forget me.*" And Hume adds, there were certainly much longer prayers in the parliamentary army, but I doubt if there was so good a one.

It is said of La Hire, who lived in the reign of Charles VII., that, just as he was going to attack the enemy, he fell on his knees, folded his hands, and preferred the following supplication:—"O God! I beseech thee this day to perform for La Hire as much as thou wouldst wish La Hire to perform for thee, if he were God, and thou wert La Hire!" He fancied that he had prayed very devoutly.—(*St. Foix*, vol. 1, p. 232.)

King Clovis, of France, hitherto a pagan, but almost persuaded to be a Christian, like another Agrippa, by his wife Clotildis, who was no idolater, on being invaded by the Allemans, and seeing his army put into disorder at the onset, put up this prayer:—"O God of Clotildis, if you will now interpose, and grant me this victory, I will renounce idolatry for ever, and be a Christian." We will not say his prayer was heard, because it would not be decorous to make conditions with our Creator, depending upon the particle *if*; but Clovis did gain a victory, and, remembering his vow, was baptized.—(*Ranken's History of France.*)

The monks used to pray heartily, or rather say their prayers, no less than seven times in the twenty-four hours. We will give their names:—

1st. Nocturnal, at cock-crowing, or two o'clock in the morning.

2d. Matins, at six o'clock in the morning.

3d. Tierce, at nine o'clock in the morning.

4th. Sext, at twelve o'clock, noon.
5th. None, at three o'clock in the afternoon.
6th. Vespers, at six o'clock in the afternoon.
7th. Compline, soon after seven.

Quarles has a neat epigram on the subject—

In all our pray'rs, th' Almighty does regard
The judgment of the *balance* not the *yard:*
He loves not words, but matter: 'tis his pleasure
To buy his wares by *weight*, and not by *measure.*

PRECISION.

Dr. Anderson says, "The mathematician can demonstrate, with the most decisive certainty, that no fly can alight on this globe which we inhabit, without *communicating motion to it;* and he can ascertain, with the most accurate precision, (if he choose to do,) what must be the exact amount of the motion so produced."—(*Recreations in Agriculture*, vol. 2, p. 350.)

Burton, in his History of Ireland, page 4, says, "It is recorded, in the ancient chronicles of this kingdom, that when the patriarch Noah threatened the people of the old world that vengeance would follow their wickedness, and thereupon built an ark, to convince them that the whole earth would be overflown in a few years, the generality disregarded his admonitions; only Cesarea, Noah's *niece*, believing her uncle's prophecy, got a ship, and, accompanied with three men and fifty women, resolved to find out some country never yet inhabited, but unspotted with vice; and, after sailing, and many dangers, they at length arrived in Ireland; but, within forty days after their landing, the Deluge came, and swept away all these new inhabitants at once. This, they say, happened in the year after the creation of the world 1556, which was very wonderful, being long before the art of navigation was invented."

In the American war, it appears, by the Parliamentary Register, that, by the Hessian treaty, three wounded men shall be reckoned as one killed, and paid for accordingly, *i. e.* at the rate of £50, for the supposititious killed, or £13..6..8. if only wounded. This is computing by the scale of nine tailors making a man. A French scalp also cost £10. in the American war; but, by General Burgoyne's economy, the price was reduced to three dollars.—(Vide *Gates's Letter.*)

Anne Clifford tells us, that, in Channel Row, Westminster, on the 1st of May, 1589, she was *begotten*, by her most

valiant father, George, Earl of Cumberland, on the body of her most virtuous mother, Margaret, daughter of Francis, Earl of Bedford! Astonishing accuracy!—(*Memoirs.*)

Chevreau, in his History of the World, tells us, that it was created the 6th of September, on a Friday, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon.

Dr. Caius makes out, in a quarto tract, printed 1574, that the University of Cambridge had, for its founder, Cantaber, 394 years before Christ, and in the year of the world 4300 and odd; and therefore that the University of Cambridge was 1267 years more ancient than Oxford.

Mr. Colebrooke tells us, that the four sacred Vedas have been reverenced by the Hindoos for hundreds, if not thousands, of years.—(*Asiatic Researches.*)

Mr. Halhead, in his preface to the Gentoo Laws, says, "What shall we say to a work composed four thousand years ago, and from thence tracing mankind upwards through several millions of years?"

Sir W. Jones says, If it were worth while to calculate the age of Menu's Institutes, according to the Brahmins, we must multiply 4,320,000 by six times seventy-one, and add to the product the number of years already past in the seventh Manwantara!—(*Asiatic Res.* vol. 2, p. 116.)

Leti (Gregorio) boasted that he had been the father of a book, and the father of a child, for twenty years successively.—Even Swift counted the number of steps he took from London to Chelsea.—Bishop Wren calculated that he walked round the earth while a prisoner in the Tower of London.

Honest Manton wrote one hundred and nineteen sermons on the 119th Psalm!

Petrarch, the Italian poet, is equally accurate and precise about his Laura. These are his own words:—"Laura, illustrious by the virtues she possessed, and celebrated during many years by my verses, appeared to my eyes, for the first time, on the 6th day of April, in the year 1327, at Avignon, in the church of St. Clare, at six o'clock in the morning. I was then in my early youth. In the same town, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this light, this sun, withdrew from the world."

A Scottish pound is but twenty pence; so that a girl's fortune of some thousand *pounds* sinks wonderfully after so fine a

sound. Perhaps this made the wit complain, who, inveighing against the Scotch, wrote

> How dare these rogues pretend to sense,
> Whose pound has only twenty pence?

But RAY has gone to the *ne plus ultra;* for, in his Itinerary, he gives the fractional parts of a Scottish *penny!*

STURM calculates, that there are thousands of insects in a crumb of bread. And MALEZIEU says, he has *seen* living animalculæ twenty-seven millions of times smaller than mites; And, as life and light are concomitant ideas, NIEWENTYT has computed that, in a second of a minute, there escapes out of a burning candle particles of light ten millions of millions of times more than the number of the grains of sand computed to be contained in the whole earth.

SPALLANZANI makes a most terrific calculation. He finds that the spermatic particle of a toad, designed to fecundate a tadpole, has the 2,994,687,500th part of a grain!

MR. WILLIAMS makes it appear that our coal will be exhausted in five hundred and fifty years! Nay, as they (the engineers) reckon on the thickness and depth of the seams of coal, should they turn out not so thick, nor so deep, as are calculated on, we may not hold out for four hundred years. It is very odd, land-owners will not plant trees, which they might do, to meet this evil. Besides, this continual mining or excavation may, in time, give a pernicious inequality to the centre of gravity, so that the earth may get tilted.—(See a *View of the Agriculture of Northumberland.*)

Mr. WEBER, in his edition of Ford's Plays, is precise to the last degree, in point of explanation; telling us the meaning of those common words which we are supposed to be acquainted with at eight years old; as *content*, contentment; *period*, end; *ever*, always; *sudden*, quickly; and so on.

General WASHINGTON was extremely exact, even to folly. A man came to Mount Vernon to pay rent, and he had not the exact balance due to the general: when the money was counted, the general said, "There wants four pence." The man offered him a dollar, and desired him to put it to the next year's account. No, he must get the change, and leave the money on the table until he had got it. The man rode to Alexandria, which is nine miles from Mount Vernon, and then the general settled the account.—(*Parkinson's Tour*, vol. 2, p. 438.)

According to Lieut. Wilford, the Brahminical Puranas state the circumference of the earth at 2,456,000,000 British miles; whereas, according to our calculation, it does not exceed 24,000 miles. These works also tell us of mountains 491 miles high; of a king reigning 27,000 years; of Vaisvaswatu having lived 3,892,888 years ago, and whose reign lasted 1,728,000 years. (The civil-list and droits are not stated.) Also, of an island, in the middle of the earth, 400,000 French leagues long, and as many broad; and of a mountain in that island, 400,000 leagues high, and 32,000 wide; of other mountains, 40,000 and 280,000 leagues high. These latter wonders are in the Bagavadam: and, in the same Purana, there is a tree mentioned, 4,400 leagues high: and again, of an island which is 3,200,000 leagues in extent; and another, surrounded by a sea of milk, rather more than 14,000,000 of leagues in circumference. These things are taught by the Brahmins as sacred truths, to the people who believe them. The eccentricities, however, just pointed out, do not come up to those of a host of British scholars, who set these childish legends down as 'enchanting books;' and that the 'lover of science, the antiquary, the historian, the moralist, and, the man of taste, will obtain an inexhaustible fund of information and amusement!'—(*Asiatic Researches.* Sir W. Jones in Ditto, vol. 2, p. 126.)

Query. What quantity of blood is contained in the human body?—Ans. Thirty pounds. *Query.* How many bones are there in the human frame?—Ans. Two hundred and forty-eight.—(*Williams's Preceptor's Assistant.*)

Division of the Day.—The day, civil or political, has been divided into thirteen parts. 1. After midnight. 2. Cock-crow. 3. The space between the first cock-crow and break of day. 4. The dawn of the morning. 5. Morning. 6. Noon. 7. Afternoon. 8. Sun-set. 9. Twilight. 10. Evening. 11. Candle-time. 12. Bed-time. 13. The dead of night. The after-midnight and the dead of night are the most solemn of them all, and have, therefore, it should seem, been appropriated, by ancient superstition, to the walking of spirits.—(*Brande's Bourne's Antiquities.*)

An ingenious gentleman has communicated an important discovery in the Encyclopædia, viz. that ninety millions of mites' eggs amount exactly to the size of one pigeon's egg.

An Italian poet presented some verses to the pope, who had not gone far before he met with a line too short in quantity, which he observed. The poet submissively entreated his ho-

liness to read on, and he would probably meet with a line that was a syllable too long, so that that account would be balanced.

The want of precision in engagements is sometimes unfortunate. An appointment was made with an astronomer, to be at his observatory, there to see an eclipse. The good company considering celestial and terrestrial engagements in the same light, attended the philosopher; and, after chatting some time, at last recollected their business, and begged to see the eclipse. I am sorry, says the doctor, that I could not prevail on the sun and moon to wait for you,—the eclipse was ended long before your arrival.—(*Jackson's Four Ages.*)

A citizen missed two pounds of fresh butter, which was to be reserved for himself. The maid, however, had not only stole it, but fastened the theft upon the cat; averring, moreover, she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The wily cit immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh but a pound and a half! This city mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime. The above story is said to be Menage's.—(See *Piozzi's Journey*, vol. 2, p. 368.)

ANTS.

Men, in general, are such slaves to the pleasant abuse of words, that naturalists themselves, in describing the white ants of Senegal, speak of the king and queen, and almost go so far as to point out the colonel, major, and captain of the guards. Consult what has been said of these marvellous ants, who construct, on a large scale, buildings of from fifteen to twenty feet in height. You will there find the king and the queen, who, as the naturalist observes, *when once they have entered their cells, are not permitted to abandon them.* Afterwards come the *soldier-ants:* they are formed for labour, and to them the labour is apportioned. The ants who view their toil compose the nobility.—But it seems an elephant may be swallowed in eight hours by these creatures. "Smeathman told us, about twelve years ago, how an immense body of African ants, which appeared, as they moved forwards, like the whole earth in agitation, covered and suddenly arrested a solemn elephant, as he grazed unsuspiciously on the plain: he told us, too, that, in eight hours time, no trace was left either of the devastery or devasted, excepting the skeleton of the noble creature neatly

licked ;—a standing proof of the power of numbers against single force."—(*Piozzi's Tour in Italy*, vol. 1, p. 127.) We give the above in Mrs. P's identical and *beautiful* phraseology: it is a pity we are not informed whether the ants got safe home after their elephantine repletion. The ants of Herodotus need no longer excite surprise after the above; and more especially as the Athenian gardens (see *Dodwell's Tour*) abound with such as carry large wasps away in their mouths with seeming facility.

PIOUS LIBERTIES.

By this term we may be supposed to mean, that familiarity of writing and speaking, with respect to sacred things, of which nations and individuals have been alike guilty, but which not unfrequently border upon blasphemy. That individuals have so committed themselves, the following instances will shew; that nations have done the same, let the baptism of their orders and institutions attest: but as we have a chapter to bestow on that particular assumption of the human mind, no further notice need appear in this place. There seems, however, to be a hankering in the spirit of man for this vigour beyond the law of right reasoning and speaking, even among those who are superior to the slang of sectarians; for they cannot do without it. Perhaps a fervent desire to shine by the use of striking appropriations may be the cause, for it is not always irreverence: but, whatever it may be, the effect is ludicrously eccentric, and as such finds a place here.

Madame Necker de Saussure informs us, that in the Manual (Prayer-book) of Madame de Stael, the latter had written, *Dieu sera clément envers le génie*—'the Almighty will be merciful to genius.' So we trust, and so we hope; for it fares badly enough in this world. Still the idea is a very unaccountable one, and no way fortified by Scripture, that we recollect.

A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the Barony church of Glasgow, during the war, which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Lewis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "*dinna let him fa' in.*" This curious prayer having been mentioned to Lewis, he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambi-

tion, and frequently afterwards gave as a toast, "the good Scotch parson."

In a funeral-sermon found in a large folio volume, entitled the Last Actions of a Portuguese Duke of Cadaval, there is an extraordinary burst of pious eloquence. The preacher thus apostrophizes the grave: "O grave! art thou not ashamed! dost thou not blush, O grave! to devour so noble a personage!"

It appears that even the sons of the church can take a few pious liberties; for instance, Dr. Delany, the intimate friend of Swift, at one of the oratorio performances of the Messiah, was so affected with Mrs. Cibber's manner, that, unable to restrain his feelings, he started up, and throwing his arms towards her, in a loud voice exclaimed, "*Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!*"—(Davies' Life of Garrick, vol. 2, p. 110.)

Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a sermon preached before the parliament, about the beginning of the reign of Charles I., affirms the power of prayer to be so great, *that though there be a conjunction or opposition of Saturn or Mars*, (as there was, at that time, one of them,) it would overcome the malignity of it.—(*Jackson's Four Ages.*)

In the year 1763, the following printed notices were stuck upon the doors and walls of the churches in the City one Sunday morning, viz.—"The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for the restoration of liberty, depending on the election of Mr. Wilkes."

In the church-service for the thanksgiving of women after child-birth, the curate of ———, afraid of offending his patroness, who was a person of quality, introduced the word lady instead of woman; and acccordingly said, "O Lord, save this *lady* thy servant:" when the clerk made answer, "Who putteth *her ladyship's* trust in thee."

An Irish priest has the following passage in his Spanish sermon:—"Many reasons have been assigned for the earthquake and darkness at the crucifixion, but to me this appears the only rational cause. The blessed Virgin, who always, in humility, was accustomed to look upon the ground, lifted up her eyes to the cross. Deprived of the light of her eyes, the earth trembled, and the sun hid himself, ashamed to behold superior radiance."—(*Southey's Letters from Spain*, p. 77.)

The famous Hugh Peters, one of the fanatics of Cromwell's time, preaching on Psalm cvii. 7,—"We led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation,"—

told his audience that God was forty years leading Israel through the wilderness to Canaan, which was not forty days' march; but that God's way was a great way about. He then made a circumflex on his cushion, and said that the Israelites were led "crinkledom cum crankledom."—(See the story at large, in the *Parliamentary History*, vol. 22, p. 72.)

Sir Thomas Browne, on the subject of the world's being destroyed by fire, observes, "Philosophers that opinioned the world's destruction by fire, hid never dream of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes; for the last action of that element is but vitrification, or a reduction of a body into glass; and therefore some of our chemists facetiously affirm, that, at the last fire, all shall be crystallized and reverberated into glass, which is the utmost action of that element." —(*Religio Medici*, 135.)

One of Whitfield's flights of oratory is related on the authority of David Hume. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addressed his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways!' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!'" Hume added, that this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural, action, that it surpassed any thing he ever saw or heard in any other preacher. It is reported of the same eloquent and powerful but eccentric preacher, George Whitfield, that, in a sermon exhorting his hearers to read their Bibles more than they did, he added, "I love to see the word of God well *thumbed*, as if it had been read till the inside is dirty: but there are some whose Bibles, I grieve to say it, lie in a corner so outwardly covered with dust, that damnation may be traced on it with the finger in legible characters." When Whitfield was at Aberdeen, he was invited to preach in the pulpit of the church, of which there were co-pastors. One of them, however, was hostile, and in the afternoon, when it was his turn, began his prayers as usual, but, in the midst of them, named Whitfield by name, and whom he knew to be then present, and intreated the Lord to forgive the dishonour that had been put upon him, when that man was suffered to preach in that pulpit."—(*Southey's Life of Wesley, &c.*)

When three hundred pounds reward were offered for the apprehension of Swift, (the author of the Drapier's Letters,) a patriotic Irish quaker applied this text to the case :—"And the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not."—1 *Samuel*, chap. xiv. v. 45.

Mr. Brown. the picturesquist, and the father of our *improvers*, was in such an ecstacy when one of his *works* was commended, that he cried out, "None but your Browns and your God-Almighties can do such things as these!" Mr. Price, who gives this anecdote, justly observes, "This is very blasphemous indeed."

According to Socrates, the historian, Constantine the Great commanded Arius to subscribe to the opinion of the council of Nice, which was a final condemnation of ARIUS. The signature of ARIUS was brought to the emperor. The emperor could not credit it! He summoned the arch heresiarch to swear before him that he had subscribed! Arius swore! He had concealed under his arm his own particular opinions, written by himself, and when he swore, as he held the condemnation of the council, that *he held what he had written:* by these words he alluded to *his own opinions* under HIS ARM, and not the *decision of the council* in HIS HAND.

There was a visionary who flourished in the last century. He was at the expense of having a plate engraved, in which he is represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious and most learned Sigerius, crowned poet of his imperial majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenberg, yes, I love you."—(*Walpole.*)

When ten Englishmen had been cleared by the ordeal of fire from the charge of killing deer in the time of William Rufus, that king being present exclaimed,—"Pretty justice above, indeed! to let ten such scoundrels escape!"

"A Spiritual Spicerie; containing sundrie sweet Tactates of Devotion and Piety," was the title of a book written by Richard Brathwaite, published 1638: with an odd quotation from Canticles, c. 1, 12, and c. 5, 13.

The Crossed Friars, or *vulgo vocato*, Crutched friars, astonished the English, by appearing among them in 1244, from

Bologna, and requiring from the opulent a house to live in, telling them they were privileged by the pope to be exempt from being reproached by any body; and that they had from him power to excommunicate those who were hardy enough to reprove them.—(*Pennant's London.*) We need not add that such matchless impudence succeeded; it always does.

We forbear to give what may be seen in Clarke's Letters on the Spanish Nation, and from him copied, by Mr. Pennant, (Wales, vol. 1.) as to the Spanish Drama. Our own mysteries and moralities, in the old times, were bad enough; but the nation over which the most Catholic of all kings have presided, encouraged a blasphemy peculiar to themselves.

One of the Scotch Presbyterians, holding forth against the observance of Christmas, said, "Ye will say, sirs! good old youle-day; I tell you, *good old fool-day!* You will say it is a brave holiday; I tell you it is a brave belly-day!"—(*Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, p. 98.)

One of the most exceptionable of all liberties, in this way, is taken by the collegians, in the name of their colleges. Thus we read in a letter from Dr. Dobson, Pesident of Trinity College, Oxford, to Dr. Charlett, "The Scotch collection is going on here *and in Jesus*, the issue of which you shall speedily have an account of." The adjunct, College, is too troublesome to write.

The Abbé de Choisy not only dedicated his translation of Thomas a Kempis to a courtezan, Madame de Maintenon, but added, as a motto, from the Psalms,—"Hear, my daughter, and see, and incline thine ear, and the king shall desire thy beauty!"

Mr. Pennant, speaking of a monument in Wrexham Church, to the memory of a daughter of Sir Hugh Middleton, says, "She is represented rising out of her tomb in all the fulness of youth and beauty. She died a very withered woman: but I like the thought of the sculptor, allusive to the sublime passage in the burial service:—'The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be *changed*.'"

Mr. Samuel Ireland, in his tour to Holland, says, "We arrived at Peronne just in time to attend the grand mass. The pageantry and shew of the ceremony received much addition from the military band of music which accompanied the regiment, and gave a kind of vigour and exhilaration to the senses, making as it were the soul dance on a jig to heaven."

One half of our jests may be traced to Bagdad. How many versions have we not seen of the following eastern anecdote? A preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah with this text from the Koran:—"I have called Noah;" but forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length one of his hearers cried out, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

The French cordelier, Maillard, in his sermons, which were published, shews, in that of Thursday, in the second week in Lent, the following extraordinary style of preaching: he addresses himself thus to the lawyers' wives, who then wore gowns embroidered with gold, "You say you are clothed according to your rank: go to the devil, ladies, you and your rank together! You will tell me, perhaps, Our husbands don't give us these fine gowns; we earn them by the industry of our sweet bodies; thirty thousand devils take your industry and your bodies too!"

A clergyman preaching a charity-sermon, February 4, 1778, at a church in the city, during his discourse pulled out of his pocket a newspaper, and read out of it the following paragraph, viz.—"On Sunday, the 18th of January, two ponies ran on the Uxbridge road twenty miles for twenty guineas, and one gained it by about half a head; both ponies ridden by their owners." Also another paragraph of the like kind, of a race on the Romford road, on a Sunday. He made an apology for reading part of a newspaper in the pulpit, said he believed it was the first instance of the kind, and he sincerely wished that there never might be occasion for the like again. He then pointed out the heinous sin of Sabbath breaking.—(*Dodsley*, 1776.)

King John, pointing to a fat deer, said, "See how plump he is; and yet he has never heard mass!" John *might* have alluded to the gluttony of themonks, which was notorious in his days; for Giraldus Cambrensis says, that from the monks of St. Swithin's, Winchester, Henry II. received a formal complaint against the Abbot, for depriving his priests of three out of thirteen dishes, at every meal. The monks of Canterbury exceeded those of St. Swithin; they had seventeen dishes every day, and each of these cooked with spices and the most savoury and rich sauces.

It is said, that a preacher to King James the first began thus:—"James the first and sixth, waver not!" (*i. e.* James the first of England, and sixth of Scotland.)

In the civil wars, one Stephen Marshall, beginning to preach, split his text into twenty-four parts. One of his hearers ran home for his night-cap and slippers.

An Italian poet, who had written an opera, was so fearful of taking any of these liberties, that, in the author's advertisement prefixed, he makes the following declaration :—"The words *fate*, *deity*, and *destiny*, which occur in the drama, are introduced merely poetically, without any serious meaning, as I believe in every thing which my holy mother church has set forth as an article of faith and injunction."—*(Addison's Travels in Italy.)*

A Spanish preacher, discoursing on the temptation, exclaimed, "Happily for mankind the lofty Pyrennees hid this delightful country of Spain from the eyes of the Redeemer, else the temptation would have been too strong for the blessed Lord!" —*(Ensor's Independent Man*, vol. 2, p. 464.)

The little territory of Lucca, in Italy, has taken a pious liberty in their coin, which carries on it the image of no earthly prince, but the head of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, on the one side, and the word liberty on the other!—*(Piozzi's Tour*, vol. 1, p. 339.)

Du Perron complains of a spiritual orator, of his time, for saying—"*Seigneur! nettoyez moi le bec, de la serviette de ton amour.*" Lord, cleanse thou my lips with the napkin of thy love!

At Nancy, in Lorraine, when Claudia Valesia, the duke's wife and sister to Henry II. King of France, deceased, the *churches were forty days shut up; no prayers, no masses said, but only in the room where she was.—(Burton's Anatomy.)*

The Archbishop of Arras, in his Pastoral Letter of December 23, 1803, thus designated Buonaparte :—"He who has been distinguished by his valour in war; he who has been raised up *to save the elect* (a speculative bull) *of God;* to overthrow those who have rebelled against him; to assemble the remnant of Israel, and to restore him the earth, which is his inheritance." Again, "Has not the Lord, in some measure, *raised up enemies*, in order that *he* might conquer them."

In Spain, plays are performed for the benefit of the Virgin and saints, and balls are given for the deliverance of souls from purgatory. On an occasion of the above kind, a play-bill was exhibited, couched in the following terms :—To the Empress of heaven, mother of the Eternal World, the leading star of

all Spain, the consolation, faithful sentinel and bulwark of all Spaniards, the most holy Mary. For her benefit, and for the increase of her worship, the comedians of Seville will perform a very pleasant comedy, entitled El Legatario.

Francis the First, of France, built a small palace, which had a communication with the hotel of the Duchess d'Etampes. The paintings al fresco, the tapestry, the salamanders, decorated with emblematical figures, amorous and ingenious devices, all bespoke the god and pastimes to which these edifices were consecrated. Of all these devices, (says Sauval,) I can recollect this one, which was a heart in a flame, placed between an alpha and an omega, apparently to indicate it would burn for ever.—(*St. Foix*, vol. 1.)

Dionysius the Tyrant of Syracuse, after rifling the temple of Proserpina, in Locris, and sailing thence with a prosperous wind, takes the liberty of saying, "See what a good voyage the Gods grant to them that are sacrilegious." He took out of the temple the tables of gold and silver, and thereon being wrote, according to the custom of Greece, that 'these were the goods of the gods,' he said, he would make use of their goodness.

Pious liberties were pretty common among the Puritans of Cromwell's day, as we shall presently see, in a passage from Burnet's History. "Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) told me, that, a week after Cromwell's death, he, being by accident at Whitehall, and hearing there was to be a feast that day in the household, out of curiosity went into the presence-chamber, where it was held. On the one side of a table, Richard, with the rest of Cromwell's family, were placed, and six of the *preachers* were on the other side; among them, Thomas Goodwin, Owen, Caryl, and Sterry. There he heard a great deal of strange stuff, enough to disgust a man for ever, of that enthusiastic boldness. *God was, as it were, reproached with Cromwell's services, and challenged for taking him away so soon.* Goodwin, who had pretended to assure them, in a prayer, that he was not to die, which was but a few minutes before he expired, had now the impudence to say to God, *Thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived.* Sterry praying for Richard, used these indecent words, next to blasphemy—*Make him the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person.*"—(Burnet's Own Times, vol. 1, p. 82, 83.)

Hathu Cacica, an Indian, being condemned to die by the Spaniards, (who had already caused the death of ten millions

of men, in their conversion,) was persuaded, by a Franciscan friar, to turn Christian, and then he would go to heaven. "Are there any Spaniards there?" enquired the heathen. "Yes, (said the friar,) it is full of them."—"Nay, then, (said the Indian,) I prefer going to hell, rather than having any more of their company."—(*Howell's German Dict.*)

Seneca, speaking of Sylla, says, *Deorum crimen Sylla tam felix, i. e.* the gods were criminal in allowing Sylla to be so fortunate.

Cicero says, "that the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, a successful pirate, bore testimony against the gods."

The emperor Julian was addicted to the taking of pious liberties. When this apostate made war against the Persians, he laid a heavy tax upon the Christians, who complaining, he made them this answer, 'That it was just and reasonable they should be oppressed, since their own God had said, Happy are those who suffer oppression and persecution.' And when he pillaged the churches and the priests, he said, It was done that they might the more easily attain heaven; for it is written, Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven.—(*Brown's Religio Med.* p. 57.)

None take so great liberties as enthusiastic devotees. The Quietists, a once-flourishing French sect, outdid even the heathen poets. Can any one pardon what they thus assert?—that to lead a soul to the state of death, which is a preparation to deification, "God permits that the senses should extrovert, that is to say, debauch themselves, which appears a great impurity to the soul; and yet the thing is seasonable, and, to do otherwise, is to purify one's self in another manner than God commands, and to sully one's self. Some faults are committed in that extroversion, but the confusion that the soul receives by it, and the care of making use of it, to make the muck wherein it rots the soonest, and hastens its death."—(*La Bruyere's Dialogues*, pp. 6, 7.) What shall we also say to this cant of the Quietists:—"That a soul is no more in itself, nor by itself; that it is relapsed and swallowed up in God, by a fundamental and central presence." "That it admires God in his abyssal and supereminent bottom." "State of deification, wherein all is God, without knowing that it is so," &c. &c.—(Vide *Madame Guion* and *D'Estival's Mystic Conferences.*)

To us, the following seems a specimen of evangelical painting, as well as pious liberty; it is by the Rev. Mr. Toplady, Vicar of Broad Hembury. "The painter (he says) chooses the materials on which he will delineate his piece. There are

paintings on wood, on glass, on metals, on ivory, on canvas. So God chooses and selects the persons on whom his uncreated Spirit shall, with the pencil of effectual grace, re-delineate the holy likeness which Adam lost. Among these, are some, whose natural capacities and acquired improvements are not of the first rate: there the image of God is painted on *wood*. Others of God's people have not those quick sensibilities and poignant feelings by which many are distinguished: there the Holy Spirit's painting is on *marble*. Others are permitted to fall from the ardour of their first love, and to deviate from their steadfastness: there the *Holy Spirit paints on glass*, which, perhaps, the first stone of temptation may injure. But the celestial Artist will, in time, repair those breaches, and restore the frail brittle Christian to his original enjoyments, and to more than his original purity; and, what may seem truly wonderful, Divine grace restores the picture by breaking it over again. It is the broken-hearted sinner to whom God will impart the comforts of salvation."—"The ancients painted only in water-colours; but the moderns (from A.D. 1320) have added beauty and durability to their pictures, by painting them in oil, *applicable to hypocrites and true believers*. An hypocrite may outwardly bear something that resembles the image of God; but it is only in *fresco*, or *water-colours*, which do not last, and are, at best, laid on by the hand of dissimulation. But (if I may accommodate so familiar an idea to so high a subject) the *Holy Spirit paints in oil;* he accompanies his work with unction and with power," &c. &c.—(*Toplady's Works.*)

In the Talmudical legends, the prophet, or rabbi, is invariably made to outwit his God, and the devil the prophet; *e. g.* David having performed an action agreeable to Heaven, Nathan is sent to order him to make what request he pleased. He desires to die on a Sabbath evening, at sun-set. Again Nathan comes, on a like occasion; and he desires he may never die while he is reading the Law. From this time, David was always sure to be reading the Law on the Sabbath evening. By his life thus prolonged, religion flourished, and the devil was piqued. The love of some pears, that grew under his window, was now David's ruling passion. Just at sun-set, one Sabbath eve, the devil shakes the pear-tree, and cries, Thieves! thieves! David starts up from the Book of the Law, sees the thieves running away, and a rope-ladder at the window. David, with the sword of Goliath, thinks to pursue them from the window; but the ladder was an illusion, and David fell down and broke his neck. And thus ends the Talmudic legend, in which diamond-cut-diamond seems to be the moral of this tale.

Mr. Northcote tells us, that a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie's, declared to him, that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses to the Royal Academy, from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to morals instead of the fine arts.—(*Northcote's Life of Reynolds.*)

Monsieur Rubicon, de l'Angleterre, says, that "the first treaty of commerce mentioned by the ancients was the sale of Joseph by his brethren; and that from this earliest commercial transaction, down to the last loan, they have all been fatally alike!"

A Church-of-England divine publishing a sermon with a quotation from Shakspeare in front, as Mr. Hawley did, August 10, 1806, would seem a pious liberty to many people.

Even that theological Colossus, Warburton, was not free from the peculiar demerit of using the most awful language of Scripture with an irreverence approaching to profaneness. See his *Controversy with Wesley.*

Theophilus Raymond, a learned Jesuit of the seventeenth century, has some odd thoughts; as, when treating of the goodness of our Saviour, in a chapter of the second volume of his folio works, and he wrote twenty such, he entitles it, *Christus bonus, bona, bonum.*

Erasmus so far esteemed the ancient philosophers, that he almost adored them as saints; for, says he, "I can hardly forbear crying out, O holy Socrates!"

In a painting of the *Holy Family*, Rubens has actually presented seven figures done from his own family. The picture was or is at Antwerp, in the church of St. James.

At Natchez, in America, they had a lottery for the purpose of building a presbyterian church. The scheme was preceded by a long address, upon the advantages of religion, and the necessity of all citizens supporting Christianity, by purchasing tickets in this—holy lottery.—(*Fearon's Sketches.*)

To put pious mottos upon warming-pans is a device quaint enough. Charles the Second, however, had it so done to those that probably warmed the beds of his mistresses, with this inscription: "Serve God, and live for ever."—(*Walpole.*)

An aged spinster, turned of three-score, had, from infancy, been accustomed to call her mother, *mamma!* Miss was pious, and ever attended the cathedral twice a day; and such was

the force of habit, that, when she repeated the sixth verse of the fifty-fifth psalm, 'In sin has my mother conceived me,' she used to chaunt it in the most simpering manner, 'In sin hath my *mamma* conceived me.'

There is an anecdote afloat, of a gentleman, once celebrated for the proposal of a dog-tax, severely reproaching Mr. Molteno, the print-seller, of Pall-Mall, for exposing, in his window, a portrait of Buonaparte by the side of that of our Saviour.

Hugh Peters, the jesuit, was preaching in the Chapel Royal upon these words:—'Hast thou not poured me out as milk, and curdled me like cheese?'—*Job* x. 10. When lo! in the height of his discourse, the news came that king William was landed. The congregation left him: on which he said he would conclude his discourse—"Come life, come death, come William, come the devil!"

After the death of Charles I., the Court of King's-Bench was called the Court of Public-Bench: and some republicans were so cautious of acknowledging monarchy any where, that they even, in repeating the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying, 'Thy kingdom come,' they chose to have it said, 'Thy commonwealth come!'

Matthew Henry, in his Exposition, has this odd way of expounding part of the ninth chapter of Judges:—"We are here told by what acts Abimelech *got into the saddle*—none would have dreamed of making such a *fellow* as he king—see how he had *wheedled* them into the choice—he hired into his service the *scum* and *scoundrels* of the country.—Jotham was really a *fine gentleman*. The Shechemites, that set Abimelech *up*, were the first to *kick him off*. The Shechemites said all the ill they could of him in their *table-talk;* they drank healths to his *confusion;*—well—Gaal's interest in Shechem is soon at an end—Exit Gaal."

Among the French devotional pieces, burlesque has ever reigned in the titles of their books of piety; as, 'The Snuffers of Divine Love;' 'The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to make the Soul sneeze with devotion;' 'The Capuchin, booted and spurred for Paradise.'

The late learned Dr. Geddes was too literal, vulgar, and ludicrous: in his version of Judges, v. 30, to every man a damsel or two, he translates, "a girl, or a couple of girls, to each brave man." It is, however, proper to add that, on the close of his labours, which went as far as the Pentateuch, he avowed

his *disbelief* in the divine inspiration of the Jewish historian; and adds, (what indeed might have been expected *after such* a declaration,) that he values them not the *less*, because he deemed them *not* inspired!

Scott, in his Christian Life, speaking of sinners going to heaven, said, They would find themselves like pigs in a drawing-room.

Archbishop Laud said, "that men entered the church like a tinker and his bitch into an ale-house." Certainly *truth* should not be spoken in such terms.

Even the great Dr. Barrow could use vulgarisms; as in the following:—"All that is apparent in this world doth *flit*, and soon gives us the *go-by*." And again, "If the organs of prayer are out of *kelter*, or *out of time*."

Campbell, in his Missionary Travels, says, he would rather look at a believer in Jesus than a mountain of crystal.

That an oddity of expression should be occasionally introduced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is no way surprising; but, would one expect such a passage as the following? Mr. Tavernier, in 1555, begins a sermon thus:—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

Some, too, have written and published their 'Pack of Cards to win Christ;' with their 'Crumbs of Comfort that fall from the Master's Table;' and 'A Box of Precious Ointment, for Souls' Sores.'

From Wood's MSS. we learn that the president and fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1649, caused the picture of our Saviour to be taken down out of the window of the chapel, but left the picture of the devil standing: whereupon a countryman seeing what had been done, said, "Blez us! what a revormation be here!—What! pluck down God, and set up the devil!" The picture was replaced in 1675.

What can any one think of such titles of religious books as the following?—'Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace.' Or the following: 'Deep Things of God, or Milk and Strong Meat; containing spiritual and experimental remarks and meditations, suited to the cases of babes, young men, and fathers, in Christ; particularly to such as are under trials and temptations, and who

feel the plague of their own hearts; 12mo. 2*s.* boards, Matthews, 1788.'

A monk once wrote a book, with this title, 'Devote Salutation des Membres Sacres du Corps de la glorieuse Vierge Mère de Dieu.'

There are some such liberties of a poetical nature. Enthusiasts will make free. Read the following parts of Moravian hymns, upon their favourite subjects—wounds and nail-prints:—

"How bright appeareth the Wound's-star
In heaven's firmament from far!
And round the happy places
Of the true Wound's church here below,
In at each window they shine so,
Directly on our faces.
Dear race of grace,
Sing thou hymns on
Four holes of crimson
And side pierced:
Bundle (burden) this of all the blessed."

Again, on other favourite subjects—chickens, lambkins.

"What is now to children the dearest thing here?
To be the Lamb's lambkins and chickens most dear,
Such lambkins are nourished with food which is best:
Such chickens sit safely and warm in the nest."

And—

"And when Satan at an hour
Comes our chickens to devour,
Let the children's angels say,
These are Christ's chicks—go thy way."

And there is a hymn to be found in the Gospel Magazine for August, 1803, called the Believer's Marriage to Christ, which *cannot* be repeated.

The elder Wesley had a clerk, who was a whig, like his master, and a poet also, of a very original kind. "One Sunday, immediately after sermon, he said, with an audible voice, 'Let us sing, to the praise and glory of God, a hymn, of my own composing.'" It was short and sweet, and ran thus:

King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come,
Therefore let us together sing
The hymn that's called Te D'um.

(*Wesley's Works*, vol. 15, p. 109.)

In a sermon, published for Buckland, Pasternoster-row, 1788, there is some poetry appended, of which we shall give a specimen.

How then shall infant tongues record
Thy mighty dying, O my Lord;
And that thou, who on the cross hungst dead,
Art God, which heaven and earth hast made?

James Woodhouse wrote a poem, called "Love-Letters to my Wife," both of whom we knew to be pretty ancient: Among them we find—

> Dear Hannah! now I'll prosecute my theme,
> Suspending Heaven's impartial Bible-beam.
>
> All wish his (Moses) laxest laws in fullest force,
> To break the wedding-bond, and then divorce.
> Fond of the practice, feel their hearts rejoic'd,
> And clap man Moses, but kiss Master Christ!
> Not, faithful Hannah! to my heart most dear!
> The tie, like our's, still light'ning ev'ry year
> A knot, we wish nor time, nor death to sever,
> But beg it fix'd for ever and for ever!

THE DRY-PAN AND GRADUAL FIRE.

Dry-pan (the) and Gradual Fire.—Gavin, in his Master-Key to Popery, gives, of his own knowledge, an account of this and other instruments, used in the Inquisition of the Jesuits at Arragon; and this is the way this knowledge was acquired:—After the battle of Almanzar, the Duke of Orleans, after making a conquest of the city, left Legal, as governor, with orders to levy and get certain contributions. He was successful in all but in the holy office, who, threatening to excommunicate his messengers, refused to contribute, and pleaded their ecclesiastical immunity. Captain Legal, not up to any logic but what was military, marched four regiments into the holy office, turned the friars out, and released sixty fine well-dressed girls, who had, from time to time, been decoyed and kept there, that is, in the holy office. One of these ladies, who was forced into the Inquisition, related to the French officer, whom she married, that after she was seized, no other mode was resorted to by Father Torrejon, second grand inquisitor, to achieve his base ends, but by the operation of fear; and thus, on the second morning after her captivity, Mary, the servant, who had before spoke mysteriously of the Dry-pan and Gradual Fire, volunteered, if she would promise inviolable secrecy, to shew these curiosities, which we now give in her own words.—"So, taking me down stairs, she brought me into a large room, with a thick iron door, and within it was an oven, burning at that time, and a large brass pan upon it, with a cover of the same, and a lock to it. In the next room there was a great wheel, covered on both sides with thick boards; and, opening a little window in the centre of it, she desired me to look, with a candle, on the inside of it. There I saw all the circumference of the wheel was set with sharp razors. After that, she shewed me a pit, full of serpents and toads. She then said, 'Now, my good

mistress, I'll tell you the use of these three things. *The Dry-pan is for heretics, and those that oppose the holy father's will and pleasure: they are put naked, alive, into the pan, and the cover of it being locked up, the executioner begins to put a small fire in the oven, and, by degrees, he augments it, till the body is reduced to ashes. The second is designed for those that speak against the pope and the holy fathers; for they are put within the wheel, and the little door being locked, the executioner turns the wheel till the person is dead. And the third is for those who contemn the images, and refuse to give respect and veneration to ecclesiastical persons: for they are thrown into the pit, and so become the food of serpents and toads.'* "

We had, formerly, in the Tower of London, a straight room or dungeon, called, from the misery the unhappy occupier of this very confined place endured, *The Little-Ease*. But this will appear a luxurious habitation, when compared with the inventions of Louis XI. of France; with his iron cages, in which persons of rank lay for whole years; or his oubliettes, dungeons made in form of reversed cones, concealed with trap-doors, down which dropped the unhappy victims of the tyrant, brought there by Tristram L'Hermite, his companion and executioner in ordinary: sometimes their sides were plain, sometimes set with knives or sharp-edged wheels; but, in either case, they were complete *oubliettes:* the devoted were certain to fall into the land where all things are forgotten.—*(Pennant's London.)*

When the Bastile of France was demolished, three iron cages were discovered: they were made of strong bars of iron, about eight feet high and six wide, and such have been used in other prisons in that country. The Bishop of Verdun, according to Mezeray, was the inventor, and was himself the first man confined in them, and remained a prisoner thus for eleven years; so that he could speak practically as to his own invention.

SQUASSATION,

A WORD that few will conceive the meaning of. Know then, reader, that it is the name of a punishment invented by those demoniacs, the officers of the Inquisition; and is the fifth class of the first order of their merciful guardianship of souls. A man is suspected of heresy; he is waited upon, at midnight, by the familiars of this *holy* office, and conducted to the prison:

if the prisoner does not confess what they want him to confess, Squassation is performed; and the description which follows is indeed enough to make the blood thrill with horror. The prisoner's hands are bound behind his back, and weights tied to his feet; and then he is drawn up on high, till his head touches the pulley. In this posture he is kept hanging for some time, that, by the greatness of the weight hanging at his feet, all his joints and limbs may be dreadfully stretched; and, on a sudden, he is let down with a jerk, by slacking the rope, but stopped before he comes quite to the ground; by which terrible shaking, his arms and legs are all disjointed, which puts him to the most exquisite pain, and his whole body stretched most intensely and cruelly.

We have a few words to say hereafter about the Inquisition, generally and particularly.

CHAMPOOING.

"How many are there (Sir John Sinclair exclaims) who keep a number of grooms to curry their horses, who would add *ten years* to their comfortable existence, if they would employ but one of them to curry themselves with a flesh-brush night and morning!"—(*Sinclair's Code of Health.*)

James Monro, in his Narrative of the Military Operations on the Coromandel Coast, speaks of the Gentoo and Malabar barbers cracking his joints very dexterously, and as displaying much art. "The operator (he says) first seizes a person by the ears, and, giving a sudden twist to the neck, makes it crack in a manner sufficient to frighten a stranger: he thence descends, in regular order, to *every* joint in the body and limbs; making each of them crack as he goes along, finishing at the great toe. This greatly refreshes a person after walking, or any exercise of fatigue."

This joint-cracking might have been very agreeable to Mr. Monro: the detail reminds us of the Chinese champooing. In this northern climate, our joints are so knit, that the refreshment may be very well dispensed with.

A Mahratta wife, according to Mr. Forbes, is extremely useful. When she and her husband arrive at an encampment, he lies down on his mat to rest, and her employment begins. First she *champoes* him, and fans him to sleep; then she champoes the horse, bends his joints, rubs him down, and gives him his provender. The horses are said to be so much refreshed

by champooing, as to bear fatigue with a smaller quantity of food than would else be necessary.—*(Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.)*

CITING THE DEAD.

Some very ingenious gentleman (we wish we could record his name) invented a process of citing the dead to appear, and then answer to certain charges to be brought against him; but if he did not answer, (as we suppose was generally the case,) then he or she was condemned for contumacy, and an edict passed against their bones. We have no doubt this wonderful invention originated from the Inquisition, which has been guilty of blunders of this sort from time immemorial, because they have nothing better to do. In England this folly was practised. Cardinal Pole, the pope's legate, after Queen Mary's inauguration, went to the University of Cambridge, and began this sort of process against Bucer and Fagius, two worthy gentlemen, deceased. These dead persons were cited by a first and second edict, but no answer: then several witnesses were produced against them once and again; still no answer! accordingly sentence was passed upon them for *contempt of court*, and their dead bodies were ordered to be dug up, and strung to a large stake fixed in the ground, in the marketplace, and there burnt, which was done. What a great partiality had these Romanists to fire, since they even condescended to burn dead bones, rather than burn nothing at all. Brookes, Bishop of Gloucester, did the same at Oxford, by Catherine, the wife of Peter Martyr, whose body was also taken up. Pope Boniface did more; he unsainted a saint. He caused Sir Herman, of Ferrara to be dug out of his grave and burnt, after he had been esteemed as a saint for more than twenty years,—thus unsettling body and soul, as far as he was able. The last possessor of Restalrig, the ancient seat of the Logans, was accused (five years after his death) of being concerned in the Gowrie conspiracy, and was cited to appear; but, proving *contumacious*, his estate was forfeited, his bones burnt, and his heirs declared infamous.

NOAH'S ARK.

This vessel, which took a hundred years in building, was, according to Bishop Wilkins, 547 English feet long, 91 broad, and 54 high. It contained 72625 tons! It rested on Mount

Ararat. Struv says, that the air upon the mountain being so unvarying, *is* the reason that the ark has endured so long without being rotten. The Rev. Mr. Maurice speaks of an astronomical library in Noah's ark. The Rev. Mr. Davies, author of the Celtic Researches, of the regularity of Noah's Log-book, (p. 43,) and the Talmudists, those illuminees, that Noah had no other light in the ark than jewels and pearls to study his nautical almanack and requisite tables by. According to Mr. Southey, the inhabitants of Spain and Portugal are little obliged to Noah for preserving three kinds of insects that are too plentiful there—bugs, fleas, and mosquitoes. We all know the characteristic vanity of Frenchmen. Here it is still further exemplified. When Buonaparte sent an embassy of twenty-one persons to the Persian court, in 1807, the ambassador, in his progress, at length arrived at Mount Ararat, where *l'ambassadeur a l'idée d'élever un monument a l'empereur. Il fait graver sur une pierre du coté de la Perse, le nom de Napoleon.*—(Journal d'un Voyage dans la Perse, &c. 8vo. Paris, 1809.) Sir Thomas Browne has a fine answer to the oppugners of the scriptural deluge, in—"That there was a deluge once, seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one always."

NEWSPAPERS,

The sale of, yields to government a vast revenue, the least grievous to the people of any laid on. The weighty impost is not felt, or it is unheeded. Rag-merchants, paper-makers, stationers, paragraph-mongers, translators, reporters, printers, hawkers, have all to bless the national propensity for these *anonymi anonymorum*. Certainly newspapers ought to be reckoned among the staple commodities of this country. Sixty years ago a newspaper was the 'mere abstract and brief chronicle of the time,' now it is a salmagundi of every thing, and we may burn our books. It is the diurnal cyclopædia, which must be filled by the politicasters, poetasters, declaimers, profaners, extracters, detracters, jeerers, sneerers, nibblers, quibblers, libellers, lampooners of the day,—for they must be, and are, well fed and clothed out of this Athenian or English rage, for—something new. To show the variety which the diurnals present would take up here too great a space; let us, therefore, start with a few, and close with the puff direct.

"The walk of a deceased blind beggar, (in a charitable neighbourhood,) with his dog and staff," were actually advertised for sale in the newspapers of 1804.

"A person, in his twenty-sixth year, tired of the dissipation of the great world, is forming a comfortable establishment in one of the least frequented quarters of the city. His domestics are a coachman, cook, three footmen, and a chambermaid. He is in search of a young girl, of good family, to improve this honourable situation: she must be well educated, accomplished, and of an agreeable figure, and will be entertained in the quality of *demoiselle de compagnie* (female companion.) She shall receive the utmost attention from the household, and be as well served, in every respect, or better, than if she were its mistress!"—*(Paris Paper.)*

The following advertisement appeared in the St. James's Chronicle of 1772. "Wanted immediately, fifteen hundred, or two thousand pounds, by a person not worth a groat; who, having neither houses, land, annuities, or public funds, can offer no other security than that of a simple bond, bearing simple interest, and engaging the repayment of the sum borrowed in five, six, or seven years, as may be agreed on by the parties. Whoever this may suit, (for it is hoped it will suit somebody,) by directing a line for A. Z. in Rochester, shall be immediately replied to, or waited on, as may appear necessary."

In the Times Paper of January, 1820, a governess advertises in the following style, which we call the *ne plus ultra*. "Music—To schools and families. An accomplished theorist, emphatic pianist, and elegantly chaste articulative vocalist, whose intelligible system, in a short time, suggests to the student an agreeable manner of performing. Schools and families attended on moderate terms. Address, W. H., at Golding's, Soho Square."

From the Edinburgh Advertiser, August 5, 1768. "There is to be sold, by John Watson, Jun. at his stand, at the Poultry, Edinburgh, all *lawful* days in the week, wind and weather serving, good and fresh Solan geese. Any who have occasion for the same, may have them at reasonable rates."

At the end of the "Ninth Collection of Papers relative to the present Juncture of Affairs in England, quarto, 1689," there is this curious advertisement:—"Lately published, the Trial of Mr. Papillon; by which it is manifest that (the then) Lord Chief Justice Jefferies had neither learning, law, nor good manners, but more impudence than ten carted whores, (as was said of him by King Charles the Second,) in abusing

all those worthy citizens who voted for Mr. Papillon and Mr. Dubois, calling them a parcel of factious, pragmatical, sneaking, whoring, canting, snivelling, prick-eared, crop-eared, atheistical fellows, rascals and scoundrels, as in page 19 of that trial may be seen. Sold by Michael Janeway, and most booksellers."

An individual, who wanted a person to take care of his children, advertised, in an American paper, for 'one whose patience is inexhaustible, whose temper is tireless, whose vigilance is unwinking, whose power of pleasing is boundless, whose industry is matchless, and whose neatness is unparalleled.'

Mr. Moor, in his Book on Hindoo Infanticide, page 127, *advertises*, that he has a letter to dispose of. He is talking of Indian and Persian letters, and impressions of the seals of government, in his possession. "Among other subjects of like value, (he says) I am fortunate enough to possess an unopened letter, written by the late great mogul, Shah Allum, to a personage of high consideration, with his signet unbroken. Any *virtuoso* desirous of enriching his cabinet with so great a curiosity, may be accommodated with it on reasonable terms."

Anciently, books were read by those who understood them —and a new book did not get among a wrong class of readers —but, as it is a reading world now, an author fares worse in his fame, but better in his purse.

Mr. Vickery, a hair-dresser and perfumer, advertised his elastic têtes, and Madame Lanchester her Parisian night-gowns and anatomical stays.

It may be fairly deemed as the ne plus ultra puff, viz.—our modern blacking-makers heading their advertisements by the figure of a gentleman shaving himself by the reflective polish on a pair of boots, if jetted with *their* japan.

Puffing burlesqued.—The following whimsical account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in Dublin, is extracted from an old Irish newspaper.—"On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more

than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweet-brier, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, aurica, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus! Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before the curtain drew up! but, when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra, 'albeit, unused to the melting mood!' blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon players' eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake between the flats and sharps being discovered. One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common-councilmen, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were in that position up to their ankles in tears! An act of parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass," &c. &c. &c. This *jeu d'esprit*, which was written by the facetious Peter Seguin, is said to have given vast offence to the lady's friends at the time; why, we cannot see. The ridicule is fairly levelled, not at Mrs. S., whose merits no one could deny, or did deny, but at the insatiable aptitude of the public mind for puff!

After all, these necessary auxiliaries of the breakfast-table often commit a particular blunder in the very puffs put in by love-sick ladies, or their parents, looking out for a grand alliance; as thus:—"That a marriage has taken place between the Right Honourable Lord A——, of ———, and Miss B——, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, and of every accomplishment necessary to render the marriage state happy,"—when the paper of the next day assures you, from authority, that the account of such a marriage is *premature!* Now, as metaphor cannot be properly applied but to that which is certain to happen in due course of time, it seems Lord A. and Miss B. are yet to be united, by some destiny, at some time or another. Again, the papers will tell you, "A lady, with a child in her arms, fell out of a window, up two pair of stairs, in —— Street, and both were dashed to pieces." Then the same paper of the next day's date, is extremely happy to acquaint the public that the account given yesterday is *premature;* for that no such accident happened, and that the lady and child are in perfect health: If a fair inference is made according to the metaphor, premature here means, that the lady and child are still to fall from the window and be dashed to atoms!—*(Pegge.)*

CHEWING THE CUD.

We extract the following, *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim,* from Mrs. Piozzi's Tour in Italy, vol. 2, p. 326, upon a curious art, which though, perhaps, more honoured in the breach than in the observance in *her* work, cannot be so in this, that professes to treat of the eccentricities of nature, &c.—"I remember (says Mrs. P.) Dr. Johnson once said, that nobody had ever seen a very strange thing; and challenged the company (about seventeen people, myself among them,) to produce a strange thing; but I had not then seen Avvocato B——, a la Wyerhere, at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews the cud like an ox, which he did at my request and in my presence. He is apparently much like another tall stout man, but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists; his body, upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks; he can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure, and did absolutely, in the course of two hours, the only two I ever passed in his company, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation of eating, mas-

ticating, swallowing, and returning by the mouth, a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction, nothing more was wanting: but I obtained, beside, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing, likewise, to bear testimony of this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-spirited, nervous man; and I suppose his *ruminating* moments are spent in lamenting the singularities of his frame."—In the Register of Dodsley, for 1767, we have an account of a shoemaker, Roger Gill, of Winburne, in Dorsetshire, who died at sixty-seven, who, while living, chewed the meat or cud twice over, like a beast. When this peculiar and no way desirable faculty left him, he was in great torture, and so remained till his death. There is, also, an account, in the Philosophical Transactions, 1692, of a Bristol man, who ate his food twice, ruminating as cows, sheep, and other beasts do.

NAMES.—NICKNAMES.

Plato recommends it to men to be careful in giving happy names; and the Pythagoreans taught, that the minds, actions, and successes, of men were according to their names, genius, and fate.

Camden says, the ancient Britons generally took their names from colours, because they painted themselves.

An odd practice has crept in among modern Europeans, of giving *female* names to men, and *masculine* names to women, and sometimes names of *both* kinds to the same person; *e. g.* *Anne*, of Montmorency, constable of France; *Francis Mary* Pico, duke of Mirandola; *George Anne* Bellamy, the actress. The editor of the Encyclopædia Perthensis thinks that these two last seem only proper for hermaphrodites!

It is often as well to tell one's name, lest accidents occur. Archimedes entirely lost his life by pursuing a problem in mathematics instead of answering the soldier as to who he was, for his foes desired to save *him*.—(*Valerius Maximus.*) Besides, we are not all of us blest with commanding or captivating figures; much mental greatness has, ere this, lodged itself in the meanest of all outsides: What then?—all the world are not physiognomists!—No!—so much per contra, that beauty and dress carry all. Were Horace or Seneca to call in Grosvenor-square, without their carriage, card, and cringe, his lordship would not be at home, though he might cross the hall at the same instant. But we *do* think, if Horace sent up his name, he would be ad-

mitted ; but whether patronised, (*if he stood in need of it,*)—that's another matter.

It is pretty clear that any name, continually before the public, carries with it a portion of some fame. This may account for the continual repetition we witness in the diurnals, where the lack of real, is supplied by artificial, importance.

In the Spanish Expurgatory Index, page 204, we find—"Let the name of Calvin be suppressed, and, instead of it, put *studiosus quidam.*" This popish hatred to that reformer was the highest compliment they could pay to him.

Whence could the name of Boniface be drawn, which has been owned by so many popes ? Bonny (sturdy, brazen ;) or Bony (lean, scraggy)?

We pass by Temple-Bar, and find the firm of Child and Co.; and certainly, judging by the house this is the oldest Child in London ; and is an exemplification also of a posthumous forgery, in pretending that the trade belongs to a man who has not been in being for a great number of years. Mr. Francis Child, goldsmith, was the first regular banker, and began business soon after the Restoration. He was the father of the profession, a person of large fortune, and most respectable character. Mr. Child was afterwards knighted. He lived in Fleet street, where the shop still continues.

One of the most singular of names or titles, is the French house of D'O. This family has produced several great characters. In the time of Henry IV. a M. D'O distinguished himself.—(*Walpole.*) We also find, in the sepulchres of Beaulieu Abbey, an epitaph, on one Mary, late wife of William D'O: it is put in the old style of false wit, viz. by acrostic.

M erciless fate ! (to our great grief and wo,)
A prey-trap here made of our dear MALL D'O.
R ake up n Ho n earth and claye,
Y et live her soule, and virtues, now and aye :
D eath is a debt all owe, which must be paide;
O that she knewe, and of't was not afraide.

To have a name that may be punned upon is objectionable : for instance, a Miss Hudson being addressed by Capt. C——, and being repulsed, 'twas observed, in her presence, that he was not the only seaman who had been foiled in endeavouring to enter Hudson's Bay. Well might Shenstone thank God that his name was not liable to a pun.

The facetious Mr. Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart, and call you *Van* for the future." "With all my heart (said he ;) by the same rule, I shall drop croft, and call you *Bear.*"

Mr. Pennant speaks of a person, no way plebeian, of the name of Sir Peter Mutton, Knt., for he was chief justice of North-Wales, a master in Chancery, prothonotary and clerk of the crown; and yet, for all that, he once told the House of Commons, in one of his speeches, "that he remembered fourteen years before he was born." Death fleeced Sir Peter Mutton the 4th November, 1637.

In the church-yard of Aberdeen lies one Andrew *Cant*, minister of Aberdeen, from whom the Spectator derives the word *to cant:* but, in all probability, Andrew canted no more than the rest of his brethren, for he lived in a *canting* age—Charles the First's time. Still Andrew did cant a little, as will be presently seen; for it appears, that when Dumoter Castle was besieged by the Marquis of Montrose, it was defended by the earl-marechal, by the persuasion of Andrew Cant. The marquis, according to the barbarous custom of the time, set fire to the country around, which, when Andrew saw, he told the noble owner, that the flames of his house *were a sweet-smelling savour in the nostrils of the Lord;* supposing that his lordship suffered for righteousness' sake.—(*Pennant's Scotland*, vol. 3, p. 152.)

There are some names not over easy to get the true pronunciation of, such as that of Cholmondeley, pronounced Chumleigh. This difficulty once gave rise to the following dialogue, at the door:—Pray, is Lord Chol-mon-del-ey at home?" The reply was, 'No, but-some-of-his-pe-o-ple are."

Malling, in his Memorable Things of Denmark, alludes to a king, whose name was *Half!*

There are some misnomers current: for instance, we read in the Times, February 5th, 1818, that "Mr. Benson gave notice of a motion, to enable trustees and *spiritual* persons to make exchange of landed property." *Who are spiritual persons?*

Distilled wine, or brandy, has been misnomered *eau de vie*, or *aqua vitæ;* it should certainly be called *eau de mort*, or *aqua mortis*.

Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their Travels to the Source of the Missouri, among other tribes of Indians, fell in with that of the Sioux, whose chiefs made a speech, but whose names, being literally translated from their own dialect, were, Mahtoree, that is, white crane; Carkapaha, that is, crow's-head, he was a famous warrior; Lenasawa, *id est*, black cat; Neswanja, that is, big ox; Sananona, iron-eyes. There were other emi-

nent men among them, with equally eminent names; as, Big Horse, White Horse, Little Thief, Hospitality, Blackbird, Wolf-man, Little Raven, Little Fox, Big White, and Big Thief; to which Indian Chiefs presents were made. These American discoverers, Captains Lewis and Clarke, in this, their Explanatory Voyage up the Missouri, seem to have had just as little taste themselves, in their baptism of rivers and creeks. Who would expect, in the nineteenth century, such barbarous titles as Big Muddy River, Little Muddy River, Little Shallow River, Good Woman River, Little Good Woman Creek, Grindstone Creek, Cupboard Creek, Biscuit Creek, Blowing-fly Creek, and many others, of a similar delicacy in choice?

An attempt has been made to account for the origin of sirnames generally, by many writers. In Mr. Andrews's Anecdotes, however, we find the following playful theory:—"Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their sirnames, but also the degree, rank, or station, of their parents; as thus, Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Jennison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mothers' names; those of their fathers being unknown. But Misson and Goodyson were visibly the produce of the *faux pas* of Miss and of Goody; whereas Jenni-son, Nel-son, Betti-son, &c., were the slips of dairy and milk maids, or other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates whose fathers were known. Masterson and Stewardson shew the children of the master and steward; while Jackson, Thomson, and Wilson, were the misbegotten offspring of hinds, servants, and labourers."

To avoid puns, many have changed their names. Balzac from Guez, a beggar; Melancthon from Hertz Schwartz, black cat. Erasmus's real name was Gerard Gerard, which he converted into Desiderius Erasmus. He was begot (as they say) between doors.—(Vide an Italian work, in 8vo. *De Famosi Bastardi, V. Anton. Possevini Apparatus.)* His father, (as he says in his Life, written by himself) was the tenth and youngest son of his grandfather, who was *therefore* to be dedicated to God.—*(Aubrey's Lives.)*

This habit of changing names, or adding to them, has now become quite common. There was a gentleman, and a very worthy character, at, and member of parliament for, Canterbury, who died 1781, viz.—Thomas Knight, Esq., whose paternal name was Brodnax, and which, early in life, he changed for that of May, and afterwards, by a statute of 9th Geo. II., he took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member

of the House to get up, and propose "a general bill, to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased."

The name of Pope Sergius the Second was originally Os Porci, or swine-snout, which his holiness, thinking not to sound polite enough for a pope, thus changed.

When Mr. Hunt, from a collier, became, as he expressed it, 'a vessel of the Lord's,' he instantly lengthened his name to Huntington, and so signed it, with the adjunct of S. S. (Sinner Saved!)

But a very strange practice, and in very bad taste, has arisen in the world—of giving nicknames (*nom de nique*, French) to nations, sects, men, and things. For instance:—The Americans, in evil hour, got the nickname of *Yankies;* and sometimes with an adjunct, *Yankie-Doodles.*

Methodists!—afterwards became the established nickname for the sect who were, however, first christened, by the Oxonians, the Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club. In Ireland they are called *Swaddlers.*

How came the Jesuits to be so called? Certainly they were the last class of men who should have drawn the appellation of their order from the sacred name of Jesus!

But, to recur to our own public or political characters.—The Earl of Nottingham, (Finch,) a violent whig, in the days of Lord Oxford's administration, being tall, thin, and of a very black complexion, obtained him the nickname of *Dismal.*

Lord Howe was called, by his sailors, *Black Dick*, from his dark complexion.

Old Vestris, the celebrated dancer, christened, or rather nicknamed, himself the *Dieu de Danse!*

Queen Anne was called, by Walpole, *Goody* Anne, *the wet-nurse of the church.*—(See his Letter to Mason, the poet.)

Mr. Pitt was called, by his admirers, *the heaven-born minister!* Even his friends should lament the nickname.

Mr. Garrick was christened, by Cumberland, "*the heaven-born actor!* who was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to; and though at times he succeeded in throwing some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet, in general, they seemed to love darkness better than light." See his Memoirs—a very theological way of describing theatrical excellence.

The great Duke of Marlborough got the nickname of *Silly*, from a habitude of expression he had, though no one deserved it less. If a question was asked, he would reply, "Oh silly!" Then will you do so and so?—"Oh silly! silly!" was the eternal reply.

Mr. Gerard Hamilton got the name of *Single-speech Hamilton*, from the circumstance of his having made but one, and a very admirable one, in the British parliament.

The father of Hammond, the author of Love-Elegies, was nicknamed *Silver-tongued Hammond*, by Lord Bolingbroke, for his wit and eloquence. Chesterfield said, this gentleman had all the senses but common sense.

Lord-chancellor Northington, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner, procured to himself the nickname of *Surly Bob*.

Lord Sandwich got the name of *Jemmy Twitcher*.

The bloody Judge Jeffreys had a book dedicated to him, as *Earl of Flint*.

The late Lord Temple obtained the nickname of *Squire Gawkey*. Now, as any one may be ridiculed, we hardly expected, after the parties are dead, to find Sir N. W. Wraxall saying, "We may presume it was not given him without good reason!"

Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, was nicknamed *Malagrida*, from the name of a Portuguese jesuit, well known in the modern history of that kingdom, and a name become proverbial for political duplicity! or, one whose ways were past finding out. Topham Beauclerc, in allusion to this nickname, writing to Lord Charlemont, gives this anecdote of Goldsmith's manner:—"Goldsmith (says Beauclerc) the other day put a paragraph into the newspapers, in praise of Lord-mayor Townshend. The same night we happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne, at Drurylane. I mentioned the circumstance of the paragraph to him. He said to Goldsmith, that he hoped he had said nothing about *Malagrida* in it. 'Do you know, (answered Goldsmith.) that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida; *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man!' Mr. Walpole says, that this story is a picture of Goldsmith's whole life: But, *in print*, this writer touched nothing which he did not adorn.

Dr. Halifax, when at the University, was known by the nickname of *Louse*, from his courting the company of the *heads* of houses.

Admiral Byron, an ancestor of the poetical Lord Byron of the present day, was called, by his sailors, "*Foul-weather Jack!*" an evil destiny seeming so ever to accompany him, that the sailors esteemed themselves certain of stormy weather whenever they sailed under his command. From the time of his leaving England, in 1778, till his return, about two years afterwards, all the tempests of the deep seemed to have conspired against him. At an early period of his life, he was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia, a narrative of which is before the public.

Sir Fletcher Norton, eleven years Speaker of the House of Commons, somehow got the epithet of *Sir Bullface Doublefee!*

But the practice is almost as old as the creation. When Julius Cæsar entered Rome in triumph, his own soldiers said, "Romans, take care of your wives and daughters—*Bald-pate* is come again." Voconius Vitulus was nicknamed *Calf*, as might be expected. Statilius Taurus, *Bull!* Among the Greeks, Socrates was nicknamed *Flat-nose*. The Emperor Frederic the First got the name of *Barbarossa*, from the colour of his beard. English kings have generally got some nick-adjunct, as Harefoot, Longshanks, Ironsides, Lack-land, Crook-back.

Two City contractors, brothers, Messrs. Richard and Christopher Atkinson, became extremely affluent. Richard, however, obtained the nickname of a *rogue in spirit* by Lord North, in allusion to his *rum* contract; and the other, Christopher, a *rogue in grain*, as some transactions about corn, we believe, put the latter personage in the pillory.

It is odd, that we should nickname a foolish fellow—a Solomon!—a blustering bullying fellow—a Hector! and a Jew—Moses! as in contempt.

Houses, as well as their owners, get nicknamed now and then. Lord North had a house at the south-east angle of Grosvenor square, (but, while minister, he resided in Downing-street,) and would never let it but to a yearly tenant, probably knowing what a jilt Fortune is. In consequence of this, the house annually changed its possessor; and, being frequently taken by new-married couples, it obtained the nickname of *Honey-moon Hall!*

Lansdowne House, in Berkeley-square, was, for a length of time, nicknamed *Dunkirk House*, for it was built by Lord Bute, who was supposed to have been bribed by France.

The French nation, as might be expected, have been as volatile as their neighbours in this way. The wits of Paris gave the nickname of *Vestrallard* to the younger Vestris, son of the famous self-called *Dieu de la Danse*, because he had not put the church to any trouble in espousing Mademoiselle Allard, but had married her by *his own* licence.

Grimm, to whom nature had not been over bountiful, tried to make up his face at the toilet. No Parisian belle employed the brush to so much effect; and the quantity of ceruse, with which he daily filled up the lines and wrinkles of his face, joined to the want of moderation, which he displayed in the enjoyment of his bonnes fortunes, procured him the nick-appellation of *Tyran le Blanc*.

In consequence of the spirit of party reigning in the academies of France, the philosophers got the nickname of *lanterns;* and the opposite party, *the lamps*.

The Buonapartean French sometimes attempted to be witty in their geographical namings. They placed *Le Nez de Bourbon* at the entrance of *Golfe Josephine; Monte Angoulême* on *Terre Napoleon;* and other *mésalliances*, which we could quote, of a more satirical description.

HATS.

We have little to prefix to this article, for we observe a very neat and agreeable chapter on the subject in the Indicator, No. 22. If there is any one of our readers, however, who would analyse the intricacies of modern hat fashions, let them look at a window in Newgate street; for there the knowledge-box of each amateur of *the real London particular* BEAVER may be accommodated to a nicety scarcely credible. The shape of, and the doffing of, hats have occupied much of the world's attention, and perhaps ever will, since it was George Fox who first discovered that "the Lord forbad him to put off his hat to any man, high or low." But further, as to hat-worship, William Penn, son of Vice-admiral Sir W. Penn, soon became tinctured with Quakerism, which caused frequent family feuds; he was also greatly persecuted in the reign of Charles II. At length, after being imprisoned, he went back to his father's house, where a long disputation took place on the subject of the son's creed. It broke up with this moderate and very loyal proposition on the part of the vice-admiral,—that the young Quaker should consent to sit with his hat off in presence of the

King, the Duke of York, and the admiral himself! In return for which slight compliance, it was stipulated, that he should no longer be molested for any of his opinions or practices. The heroic convert, however, would listen to no terms of composition; and, after taking some days to consider of it, reported, that his conscience could not comport with any species of *hat-worship!* Penn was therefore again turned out of his father's house for his pains.—(*Clarkson's Life of Penn.*)

Quakers wear their hats in their worship. William Penn' and another, on being tried at the Old Bailey, 1670, came into court covered, when one by took off their hats, but the court ordered an officer to put them on again. The recorder then asked if they did not know it was a king's court? and why they did not pull off their hats? Penn replied, he knew it to be a court, and supposed it to be the king's, but did not think pulling off a hat shewed any respect. Then the court fined him forty marks for contempt; whereupon he desired it might be observed that they came in with their hats off, and, the court ordering them to be put on, the bench ought to be fined and not him.

The head of the Kinsale family wears his hat in the king's presence to this day, *by right*,—if he chooses.

The autocrats of Russia have been very busy about hats. The emperor, Paul, (not long before a hat became useless to him,) issued the most ridiculous ukases upon the form of that covering; and one of his predecessors, John Basilowitz, czar of Russia, barbarously ordered a man's hat to be nailed to his head, to cure him of want of respect,—the most violent remedy, to be sure, ever projected.

Innocent IV. first made the hat the symbol or cognizance of the cardinals, enjoining them to wear a *red* hat at the ceremonies and processions, *in token of their being ready* to spill their blood for Jesus Christ: yet, in "The Beehive of the Romish Church, 1580, book l. p. 325," we find a cardinal's hat of a far different value. "For Pope Benedict himself, who (by the by) made a decree, forbidding that to the undeserved, or such as were unworthy, should not any benefice be given, did, notwithstanding, in the year 1336, offer the learned man, Francis Petrarc, a cardinal's hat, upon condition that he should deliver him his sister for his concubine; whereunto Petrarc answered, that he had no need of so foul or filthy a hat. Yet his brother, Gerard Petrarc, consented thereto, and delivered his sister to the *holy* father, for this cardinal's hat. But when the pope had satisfied his desire with her, and did not pay the hat, the

good man did despair, and got himself away into a catholic cloister, or religious house."

There is some utility in *high-crowned* hats,—Did not the great poet, Æschylus, meet with a strange death for want of one? But we give the tale out of a chapter on the uncertainty of the time of death, in Sansovino and Pedro-Mexio's Treasury, ch. 26. We prefer their simple way of telling the story. —"Hee, Æschylus, walking one day out of a towne in Sicily, where he dwelled, to take the ayre of the fieldes, and comfort himselfe in the warmth of the sunne, because hee felt his joyntes somewhat chill by standing, tooke this to be his wholesomest recreation. Hee being aged, white-headed, and balde withal, sat downe upon an high place, where the sunne might haue *greatest* power to heat him, and being bare-headed, an eagle (by accident) was houering aloft in the ayre, holding a tortuise in her tallents, and, espying the bald head of Æschylus, *which shee imagined to bee a stone*, forthwith let fall her burthen from on high to breake the tortuise upon that supposed stone, that afterwards she might deuoure the creature. The tortuise falling just vppon the poet's head, cleft it farre, that instantly he dyed. A matter of no meane marvaile, because hee sat so high, and openly discouered, as it might seeme impossible, that any thing whatsoeuer, shuld, from so high, light vppon his head."

Beau Nash, of Bath, always wore a white hat, and assigned as a reason for this singularity, that he did it purely to secure it from being *stolen!*

PHYSICIANS—DISEASES—CURES—BARBER-SURGEONS.

Dr. Garth speaks of the College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, thus:

> Where stands a dome majestic to the sight,
> And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
> A golden globe plac'd high with artful skill,
> Seems to the distant sight a gilded *pill!*

Dumoulin, the famous French physician, at his death observed, that he left behind him two famous physicians: upon being asked who they were, he replied, regimen and river water.

A very healthy old gentleman being asked, by a king, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his

time of life. Sire, replied the gentleman, my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass.

A rich valetudinarian called in a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and enquired, Do you eat well? Yes, said the patient. Do you sleep well? I do. Then, said the Esculapius, I shall give you something to take away all *that*.

Dr. Maundy, of Canterbury, Dr. Radcliffe, and Dr. Case, spending an evening together, were very jovial. "Here, brother Case," says Dr. Radcliffe, "is a health to all the fools, your patients." "I thank you, good brother," replied Case, "let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice." Case wrote a book, printed 1697, with this title:—"The Angelical Guide, shewing Men and Women their Lot and Chance in this elementary Life." It is very astrological and very profound; for instance, he tells us—"Adam was created in that pleasant place called Paradise, about the year before Christ 4002, viz. on April 24th, at twelve o'clock at midnight."—*(Burnett's Own Times.)*

Dr. Moore (author of Zeluco) used to say that, "At least two-thirds of a physician's fees were for imaginary complaints." Among several instances of this nature, he mentions one of a clothier, who, after long drinking the bath waters, took it into his head to try the Bristol hot wells. Previous, however, to his setting off, he requested the physician to favour him with a letter, stating his case to any brother Galen. This done, the patient got into a chaise and started. After proceeding about half way, he felt an itch to pry into the contents of the letter, when the following words presented themselves:—"Dear sir, the bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier; make the most of him." It is unnecessary to add, that his cure was at that moment effected, as he ordered the chaise to return, and immediately proceeded home.

But physicians are generally flattering. "Here am I, (said Pope, in his last illness,) dying of a hundred good symptoms!" This was just after the doctor had been telling him that he was glad to find that he breathed so much easier; that his pulse was very good; and several other encouraging things.—*(Spence.)*

Some of these gentlemen are so extremely attentive after a patient has recovered, as not to be got rid of. Dr. —— did so; the patient put four instead of five guineas into his hand; the doctor kept looking about, and even stooped to the floor. "Have you lost any thing, doctor?" enquired the lady. "Why,

madam, I thought I had dropped a guinea." "It is only a mistake in the person, sir," rejoined the lady; "it is I who have dropped the guinea." The doctor dropped his visits.

Somehow or other, physicians have mostly contrived to get large fees. Thus Eristratus, the physician, got a handsome fee, no less than sixty thousand crowns, from Seleuchus, for having discovered his son's (Antiochus) disorder, and prescribing a remedy, though to the father a very unpleasant one. Love was the young man's complaint, and love of Stratonice, his father's favourite concubine, who being handed over, like landed property, from father to son put all straight, curing the young gentleman.—(Vide *Plutarch.*) And we find, also, that Petrus Aponensis, or, as some call him, Pierre D'Avane, a physician of Padua, in the thirteenth century, would not go out of town on a visit to the sick under one hundred and fifty francs a-day. When sent for to Pope Honorius IV. he demanded four hundred ducats a-day.—(*Vander Linden de Scriptoribus Medicis.*)

In modern days we find Dr. Willis for his successful attendance upon his Majesty King George the Third, had the remuneration of 1500*l.* per annum for twenty-one years, and to his son 650*l.* per annum for life. The other physicians had thirty guineas each visit to Windsor, and ten guineas each visit to Kew. Dr Willis had also the good luck to be sent for to the late Queen of Portugal, and to return loaded with bars of gold, and adorned with diamonds. What rewards would have been bestowed upon him had he proved successful! But the queen's malady was incurable; her majesty was firmly persuaded she was in hell, saying, that a skilful physician may sometimes cure madness, but never can reverse the decrees of fate. The queen's disorder was first occasioned by a plan contrived by some monks and waiting-ladies, for reversing the bloody decree respecting the families of D'Aveira and Tavora. This plan, state-reasons rendered abortive; and her majesty believed that she herself, as well as her royal father, were irrecoverably doomed to eternal punishment for the cruel vengeance inflicted on those unhappy families.

Anderson, in his History of Commerce, says, that King Edward III., in the year 1345, gave a pension of *six-pence* a-day to Coursus de Gangeland, an apothecary in London, for taking care of and attending his majesty during his illness in Scotland.

In Portugal, they have an odd mode of estimating medical merit. "A servant belonging to the royal family was stabbed in the abdomen, so that his entrails came out. Mr. T., an

English surgeon, cured the wound, and the reward he received was to have his picture hung up in the Lapa Church, standing by the patient's bed, with the Virgin Mary above, who had enabled him to perform the cure."—(*Southey's Spain.*) Occasionally, however, doctors may be unfortunate, for when the fair Austrigilde was on her death-bed, she prevailed on her husband, King Gontran, to cause the two physicians who attended her in her illness to be put to death, and buried along with her. These, I believe, says St. Foix, are the only two gentlemen of the faculty who were ever privileged to lie in the tombs of Kings: but I have no sort of doubt that many others have justly merited the same honour. On the other hand, the death of Pope Adrian occasioned such joy at Rome, that, the night after his decease, *they adorned the door of his chief physician's house with garlands*, adding this inscription—"To the deliverer of his country."

But many people have had the good fortune to be cured of their diseases without the aid of the physician, or, in other words, without paying them fees; for instance:—Lord Bolingbroke tells us, from Bodin, Amyot, and other writers, that Ferdinand, King of Spain, and Alphonsus, King of Navarre, (kings are generally no great readers,) were cured of desperate distempers by reading Livy and Quintus Curtius! (*Study of History*, p. 22.) And again, such was the astonishing virtue of Quintus Curtius, that Alphonsus the Ninth, King of Spain, was healed by reading his works, though he had read the Bible throughout for fourteen times, for that purpose, in vain!—(*Warton's English Poetry*, p. 133.)

Fabritius makes mention of a gentleman, with whom he was familiar, who, being unjustly suspected, was tortured upon the rack, and, when released, found himself quite cured of the gout, which was, *before* this violent remedy, rather troublesome.—Again, we have instances of disorders being cured by fright. We find, in the Journal de Henri IV., that, "On Friday, June the 9th, 1606, as Henry IV. of France, and his Queen, were crossing the water in the ferry-boat of Neuilly, the Duke of Vendome being with them, they were all three in great danger of being drowned, especially the queen, who was obliged to drink a great deal more than was agreeable to her; and had not one of her footmen, and a gentleman called La Châtagnieraie, who caught hold of her hair, desperately thrown themselves into the water to pull her out, she would inevitably have lost her life. This accident cured the king of a violent tooth-ache; and, after having escaped the danger, he diverted himself with it, saying he had never met with so good a remedy for that disorder before, and that they had ate too

much salt meat at dinner, therefore they had a mind to make them drink after it."—Ague may also be frightened away. An honest servant of the Marquis of Ferrara, (who had been long afflicted this way,) after taking every precaution, *i. e.* of having a boat ready, pushed his master into the river, and ran away. The marquis was immediately taken out, frightened and cured, but vowing revenge. At length the servant returns, is apprehended, and ordered to prepare for execution. The marquis, however, whose resentment had now abated, was determined to save him, though he seemed to resolve that the law should take its course. At length the day of execution arrived; he was conducted to the scaffold, and there protesting he had no other motive than the cure of his master, laid his head upon the block, and gave the fatal signal. The executioner at that instant, according to his orders, poured some cold water on his neck, and this was no sooner done than the colour left his cheeks, his eyes sunk in his head, and he died in a few moments without uttering a word.—Coming nearer home, we find that a Mrs. Mantle, wife of Mr. Justice Mantle, who lived next door but one to a house then on fire, and who had been lame for twenty years, and unable to help herself to or from her bed, miraculously found the use of her legs, and ran from Mr. Mantle's house into Mount Street, unknown to any of the family, who had given her up for lost before they thus saw her.—*(Dodsley*, 1769.*)* Why, a gouty man has got up and ran away on the house being on fire; epilepsies and agues have disappeared upon some sudden fright; and a fainting fit has rapidly disappeared upon an ill-natured threat of the lancet, or even an insinuation about its reality.

But let us now recount some cures of an extraordinary nature, all, we believe, well authenticated! Perhaps, out of such a list, our readers may, should they be unfortunately so indisposed hereafter, prescribe for themselves.

Fracture of the Thigh.—For this inconvenience Hippocrates prescribes thus:—"In a fracture of the thigh, the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong, that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that, when there is reason to apprehend it, *I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length!*"

The Gout.—Walpole had the gout to such a degree that his fingers were always swelled and deformed, and discharged large chalk-stones once or twice a year: upon which occasions

he would observe with a smile, that he must set up an inn, for he could chalk up a score as well as any man in England, with his knuckles.—All the world knows what pains have been taken by physicians and patients to get rid of this genteel complaint, the gout: but all the world may not know that Archbishop Sheldon did not only wish *for* it, but proffered one thousand pounds to any person who would help him to it; looking upon it as the only remedy for the distemper in his head.—*(Pope's Life of Bishop Ward*, p. 180.*)* Dr. Sydenham says, that he had it thirty years, and knew no cure for it. But that three things were his consolation under it. 1st. That more wise men than fools had it: 2d. More rich than poor: and 3d. That it was more incident to men of strong than weak constitutions. So that there is some comfort in it.—*(Taswell's Letter to Dr. Charlett.)* For the further comfort of the afflicted, we also perceive in the shop-windows—"load stones for the gout and rheumatism!"

It is but rarely that people pray to be diseased; they the rather pray to be relieved from diseases: but Fabyan says, that Alfred, King of the West Saxons, being naturally inclined to incontinency, desired that God would send him such a disease as might repress and hinder his lust, but not unfit him from the management of his kingdom. He accordingly had the disease called the ficus, or the hemorrhoids.—*(Fabyan's History*, p. 216.*)*

Huskiness of the Throat.—Judge Rumsey, who, for his very great abilities as a lawyer, was called the Picklock of the Law, "was much troubled with phlegm; and being so one winter at the Court of Ludlowe, (where he was one of the counsellors,) sitting by the fire, spitting and spewling, he tooke a fine tender sprig, and tied a ragge at the end, and conceived he might put it down his throate and fetch up the phlegm, and he did so. Afterwards he made this instrument of whalebone. I have oftentimes seen him use it. I could never make it goe down my throate, but for those that can, 'tis a most incomparable engine."—(*Aubrey's Lives*, vol. 2, p. 522.)

The Head-Ache.—It is a custom with the Africans, says Dr. Winterbotham, in his Account of Sierra Leone, when affected with the head-ache, "to lie upon the hearth before a large fire, having a heavy stone laid upon one side of the head." This remedy not having been tried in this country, perhaps may be adopted by those whose sculls are able to bear any thing.—The following is an instance of a head-ache got rid of as well as a lameness of the writer and rider's horse at the same time; it is from Mr. Wesley's Journal, from Oct.

27, 1743, to Nov. 17, 1746:—"My horse (he says) was exceedingly lame: we could not discern what it was that was amiss, and yet he could scarce set his foot on the ground. My head ached more than it had done for some months (what I here aver is the naked fact; let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, cannot God heal either man or beast, by any means, or without any! Immediately my weariness and head-ache ceased, and my horse's lameness in the same instant. Nor did he halt any more either that day or the next."

Hydrophobia.—Dr. Plot, a very learned man, wrote, however, a strange letter, from Rochester, to his friend Dr. Charlett, August 18, 1693. "The greatest rarity that I met with here, viz. a medicine for the bite of a mad dog, which was applied here to Doctor de Langley, Prebend of Canterbury, his wife, and fair daughter, who were all three dipt in salt water, a little below the bridge, without fig-leaves, last Friday morning, by two lewd (unlearned) fellows of this town; the spectators, you may be sure, being very numerous."—(*Bodleian Papers*, vol. 1, p. 58.) Shortly after, another remedy for this shocking disorder appeared in France, which we extract from the treatise entitled "La Medecin Aisée," written by M. Le Clerc, Conseiller Medecin du Roi, published in Paris, in 1719. Vide page 103. "*Pour la cure de la playe, mettez dessus du poil du chien qui a mordu. C'est le remede de Paré.*"

Lameness.—Schenekius, in his Medical Observations, says, that Nicholaus, an architect, falling from an high tower, recovered the use of a leg, which, before that tumble, used to halt. A very extraordinary mode of cure, which cannot, however, be safely prescribed.

Phlebotomy.—An Italian, mentioned by Solenander, was on his death-bed: presently comes in a man whom he had aggrieved, and, although he was in a dying state, resolved, in the Italian way, to do the business with his own hands. He enters the chamber, gives the sick man a desperate stab, and so departs. By the flux of blood that issued from the wound, (for it seems he required bleeding,) he quite recovered; his foe was his physician, who would not let him die, as die he would without this coarse phlebotomy.—Sir Edmund King bled King Charles II. for apoplexy, putting the rigour of the law at defiance, in case of failure of success. He succeeded, and one thousand pounds reward was *ordered* to him—but he was never paid.—(*Burnet's Own Times.*)

Rupture in Children is thus prescribed for by Mr. Wesley, in his Primitive Physic:—"Boil a spoonful of egg-shells,

dried in an oven, and powdered in a pint of milk, and feed the child constantly with bread boiled in this milk!"

Swoon.—At Antwerp, a countryman coming into a perfumer's shop, presently fell into a swoon, but was speedily recovered and brought to himself, by rubbing his face and nose all over with horse-dung!—(*Johnson's Natural History.*)

Vaccination had, of course, its many enemies, in the infancy of its science; among others, Dr. Mosely, who described, in technical style, a whole tribe of new cow-pox diseases; and Mr. Stuart, as a brutal degeneration of the human species. "The cow-pox, (said they) mange, or farcy, cow-pox ulcers, with pus, green—green *as grass*, clearly demonstrating their bovine origin; cow-pox evil or abscess, cow-pox mortification, are nothing in comparison of the brutalization of the noblest work of the creation."—"Among the numerous shocking cases of cow-pox which I have heard of, I know not if the most horrible of all has yet been published, viz. of a child at Peckham, who, after being inoculated with the cow-pox, had its former natural disposition absolutely changed to *the brutal;* so that it run upon all fours, like a beast, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull. For my part, (it is added, with philosophical scepticism,) I can scarcely think it possible, *having had no time to ascertain the truth.*!"

O Mosely! thy books nightly fantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasures:
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.
There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jem, Joe, and Mary;
On their foreheads—oh horrible!—crumpled horns bud;
Here Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,
Reclin'd in a corner, are chewing the cud.

Wen.—Camerarius says, a general officer, who had a large wen, by name Udalricus, Baron of Haenstone, had it fortunately run through by a sword, in battle: from that day the wen was cured.—A wen is said to be cured by the hand of a dead man, while hanging on the gallows.

But many disorders are cured by being charmed away: as, a wedding-ring, of gold, rubbed on a stye upon the eyelid, used to be esteemed a sovereign remedy; but—it must be applied nine times! And we find, from the Rawdon Papers, p. 194, that formerly, "an eagle's stone was esteemed of great virtue in hard labour; the biggest the best. This the lady, when in pain, wore upon her arm a good while."—Children may cut their teeth beautifully, by wearing an anodyne necklace, a specific which we have fortunately had among us for this hundred years! Cato

taught, that a fractured limb might be healed by a green reed and a charm. Even Galen taught, that certain remedies lost their efficacy, if they were pounded by a person who had any iron about him. Digby and Van Helmont had their sympathetic powders. In the journal, Les Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques, for 1767, several remarkable cures were attributed to the Abbé Salle, who had founded the schools, *Freres ignorantins*. Brother Giles was cured of a head-ache by applying, to the part affected, *a letter* he had received from his superior. Brother Timothy, who had a white swelling on the knee, by the *sign* of the cross made over it, was made whole. But another brother's cure was still more miraculous, considering the remedy:—by swallowing a bolus of grease, collected from off the square cap of the abbot, a quartern ague was shaken off, or charmed off.

Now and then, we find it hardly possible to make a man die. In the Life of the Duke D'Epernon, part 2, we read of a soldier, who had a shot-hole in his belly, as large as the crown of one's hat—"yet the party found himself as well as before!" And another soldier, his friend, received a bullet from a musket, which entered his mouth, and passed out of the nape of his neck, but was perfectly cured. The king, finding two men for whom death had no commission, provided for them, though the prospect was so expensive.

There is a disease, which we shall not name, upon which an epigram appeared, in a very early century, and which turns upon the wisdom and goodness of God, in punishing a sinner, and providing for the physician at the same time! It is in a MS. in the Lorenzo Library, at Florence.—*(Spence.)*

The state of medical knowledge may be traced from the prescriptions formerly given. "Cardinal Mazarine is certainly believed to be in no condition of escaping death, because of the desperate fever wherein he hath lain for some time, his physicians being, at last, driven to this *only remedy, of lapping him in cow-dung*, to cool the heat of his body; renewing the same every day, as often as the dung begins to dry."—*(Rawdon Papers*, p. 125.) 'To what base uses must we come, Horatio!' when even his eminence of Mazarine must condescend to *such* a bath?

How many ages passed, (says Pasquier,) supposing that a child ought not to be blooded until it had attained the age of fourteen years; and that bleeding of them before that time, was not a cure, but their death? a heresy which we should have lived in to this day, if it had not been for Averroes, an Arabian, who ventured to make the first experiment of it on a son of his, aged about six or seven years, whom he cured of a pleurisy.

Wesley (who wrote a book on physic) had strong notions of a diabolical agency in respect of diseases. He imputed to it many of the accidents and discomforts of life,—disease, bodily hurts, storms and earthquakes, and nightmare: he believed that epilepsy was often, or always, the effect of possession, and that most madmen were demoniacs.

Let us now quote a universal panacea, out of one of those good old housewifery books, which formed at once the Buchan's Domestic Medicine and the Domestic Cookery of our forefathers. The receipt, to be sure, is somewhat barbarous, because a charm seems to be annexed to the OIL OF SWALLOWS.—In a work in Sion College library, entitled, "The English Housewife, containing the inward and outward Vertues which ought to be in a compleat Woman, as her skill in Physick, Chirurgery, Cookery, &c." 1683, quarto, we find the following receipt, to make oil of swallows, which, when made, "is exceeding *soveraign for any broken bones, bones out of joynt*, or *any* pain or grief, either in the bones or sinews:"

Receipt.—"To make oil of swallows. Take lavender cotten, spike knot-grass, ribwort, balm, valerian, rosemary-tops, woodbine-tops, vine-strings, French mallows, the tops of alecosts, strawberry-strings, tutsan, plantane, walnut-tree leaves, the tops of young beets, isop, violet-leaves, sage of vertue, fine Roman wormwood, of each of them a handful; camomiles and red roses, of each two handfuls; *twenty quick*, i. e. *live swallows, and beat them together in a mortar*, and put to them a quart of neat's-foot oyl, or May-butter, *and grind them all well together*, &c. &c. &c.!"

The same author, in a remedy for deafness, shews the same partiality for live creatures.—"Take a gray eel, with a white belly, and put her into a sweet earthen pot, *quick*, and stop the pot very close: then dig a deep hole in a horse-dunghill, and set it therein for a fortnight; then take it out, and clear out the oyl which will come of it, and drop it into the imperfect ear, or both, if both be imperfect." Here is also a receipt to preserve us from the infection of the plague, by "smelling a nosegay made of the tassal'd end of a ship-rope." And, for the benefit of all aldermen, we close by subjoining a receipt how to dress venison:—"If you will rost any venison, after you have washed it, you shall stick it with cloves all over on the outside; and, if it be lean, you shall lard it, either with mutton-lard or pork-lard, but mutton is the best; then spit it, and rost it by a soaking fire; then take vinegar, bread-crums, and some of the gravy which comes from the venison, and boyl them well in a dish; then season it with sugar, cinnamon, ginger, and

salt; and serve the venison forth upon the sawce, when it is rosted enough."

Chrysippus, a famous physician, spoken of by Pliny, pretended that *cabbages* were a remedy for all diseases.

But let us now give our neighbours fair play. It is proper to give just tribute to skill in science whenever and wherever it occurs. We first turn to Russia.—"A young *Russian* nobleman, of the name of Buterline, was, in a skirmish with the Tartars, wounded so cruelly, that a portion of the scalp, scull and all, was carried away by the stroke of a sabre. The surgeon having killed a dog, cut out a portion of his scull, corresponding with that which in this nobleman had been cut off with the sabre, nitched it into the wound, and achieved a perfect cure. The nobleman, exulting in this miraculous operation, told it to his friends, and his friends told it to the priests, and the priests told it to the Archbishop of Moscow, and the Archbishop of Moscow put him under the ban of the church, from which he was driven forth, for having this fragment of a bestial body united with his, and banished from the assemblies of the faithful all over the Russian empire, so long as the said piêce of dog's scull remained united and joined into the head of a Christian man."—(*John Bell's Principles of Surgery*, vol. 2, p. 332.) It is proper to add, that the offending part was afterwards removed, and the sentence of excommunication revoked.

Sir Robert Wilson, in his pamphlet on the Composition of the *Russian* Army, speaking of wounded men having their wounds dressed on the field of battle, adds, "It must also be stated, that the care of grievously-wounded men, so as to be disabled from future service, has never, till lately, *been in the policy* of the Russian government; for the finances of the empire did not admit of this burthen; and even at Friedland, it was remarked, by an officer of high rank, and of most humane character, that a cannon-ball was the best doctor for men without limbs."—(*Wilson on the Russian Army*, p. 53.)

The surgeons of the Archipelago, according to Sonnini, in his Travels in Greece, vol. 2, p. 147, have the most unaccountable remedy for curing the inflammation or enlargement of the kernels in the neck; which disorder is charmed away, by tractorising the parts affected, &c.

When the surgeons of Tripoli take off a limb, the stump is dipped into a bowl of hot pitch, which settles the bleeding, without the trouble of tying up of the arteries.

The Maltese have a singular remedy for a complaint peculiar to them, called the *scanto*, a violent panic-terror, which nearly

destroys at once the strength and the spirits. Their prescription for this disorder is a broth, composed of puppies, put alive into the pot! This magical soup gives the patient a nausea, and that leads to a cure. Even the great are thus *ennuyé*, by a disorder christened *disgusto;* but it yields to the said puppy-soup, if taken as a restorative!

It is well known, that Tippoo Sultan, of the Mysore, had, besides his dreams, omens, and inspirations, a sort of *cacaoethes scribendi.* He wrote letters on all subjects; and, when Seringapatam fell into the hands of the English, the full light of the sultan's intelligence blazed out—for he pretended to universal science—a sort of Mahommedan Cyclopædia. We shall, however, give only one letter among the many. In this case, he acted as *Doctor* Tippoo.—"Your letter of the 14th *Behari* was received this day, and has informed us of Dowlet Khan's being ill of the stone in the bladder: we have, in consequence, sent by the post an *emetic* to be taken the first day, together with other proper medicines for the seven subsequent days. These are all separately made up in cloth, and sealed. The way of taking an emetic is this, &c. The following morning, a dose of the other medicine is to be taken, in eight tolahs of syrup of abshakh and radish-leaves. The course is to be pursued for seven days, during which, the patient need not abstain from acids, but must avoid eating black and red pepper, and other heating and flatulent things. The diet should be curry or radishes, with boiled rice; and his drink an infusion of musk-melon-seeds, cucumber-seeds, and dog-thorn, of each half a tolah weight."—*(Tippoo's Letters, by Kirkpatrick).*

The Brahmins of India, too, can prescribe, and successfully, according to Mr. Forbes. The Rajah of Travancore desired regeneration, *i. e.* an expedient to advance him from an inferior cast of Brahmins, in which he happened to be born, to a higher one, by a sort of new birth. Mr. Orme, however, thinks the Brahmins persuaded him to it, by way of atonement for the blood which he had spilled in the course of the war; but this is out of the question, for he only killed men, not crows, which is the unpardonal Brahminical sin. However, after many previous ceremonies, the rajah had to pass through a cow, in the Tom-thumb style, though not exactly so. A golden cow was made for the purpose; the calf, creeping through it, came forth: and this huge mass of gold became the fee to the Brahmins for their ingenious prescription.—*(Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.)*

In the Universal Magazine, vol. 18, p. 70, there is gravely recorded, the cure of a gentleman, of the name of Botaquet,

who had been *run through the heart* in a duel. Mr. Juif, of Paris, a surgeon in the time of Louis XIII. had the skill to make an aperture, on the right side of the patient's breast, of such bigness, that he could put his hand into it, cutting two ribs, and immediately singeing the bones: he then, with scissors, clipped what parts were putrefying, applying salves and so on to the lungs, handling them about as he would a leg or an arm. After sixteen days, the surgeon begun to close up, putting a piece of silver plate on the place; and the patient *did well!*

A word or two about barber-surgeons.

Barber Surgeons.—Formerly the chirurgic art, and that of shaving, went hand in hand in this City of London, as they now do in several cities of Europe. Whether their separation is for the benefit of mankind, or themselves, is not for us to determine; it is quite sufficient to know, that the surgeons are allowed to shave our revenues quite as well as the barbers do our chins. In the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell-street, there is a fine theatre for operations; but none are now performed, we believe, unless by amateurs. By the charter of Henry VIII. barbers were not to practise surgery, further than drawing of teeth: and surgeons were strictly prohibited from the feat or craft of barbery or shaving. Use was to make both perfect; consequently, these wise regulations took their effect, though a long while in operation; for it was not until 1745 that it was miraculously discovered that the above arts, feats, or mysteries, were foreign to and independent of each other! The surgeons were accordingly made, by act of parliament, a distinct corporation; and the barber-surgeons remained in statu-quo.

Mr. Gale describes some of these (self-installed) barber-surgeons, in the wars of Montreuil, time of Henry VIII. Some were horse-leeches, dog-leeches, cobblers, tinkers, and such rubblement. When scrutinizing their medicaments, they were such trumpery as they greased the horses' heels with—shoemakers' wax, with the rust of old pans, made into a salve, and so on.

In one of the wars of Germany, an officer was carried to the hospital, with a leg shattered by a ball. As he was covered with blood, the surgeon, who was running from bed to bed, ordered amputation, and continued his round. A leg, clotted over with blood, was laid hold of—What are you doing, my friend? exclaimed the officer; that is my good leg. However, notwithstanding his protestations and intreaties, as there

was a great deal to do, the barber-surgeons cut it off. The surgeon-major arrived with the bandages, perceived the mistake, and anxiously set about saving the wounded limb, which, with much pains and difficulty, he effected: but the poor officer paid dearly for the officious precipitation of the barber-surgeon understrappers.—(*Mercier's Fragments*, vol. 1, p. 77.)—Prior to the commencement of the sixteenth century, the qualifications required for those who practised as surgeons in Edinburgh were, that they should be able to "Wryte and reid, to *knaw* anatomie, nature and complexioun of everie member of humanis bodie, and likewaise to *knaw* all the vaynis of the saymn, that he may mak flewbothomea in due time;" together with "a complete knowledge of shaving beards and cutting of hair."—At the end of Southey's Letters from Spain and Portugal, is an account of the Royal College of Surgery at Madrid, founded by Carlos III. 1787, one of the rules of which is, that "The students may settle and exercise their profession in any part of the kingdom: But if any student *turns barber*, he forfeits all his privileges."—Martial, the epigrammist, satirised a barber, in his days, who was so slow in his operation that the hair began to grow on the first half of his face before he had trimmed the other. The recollection of this story caused Voiture to apply it to Vaugelas, who being thirty years about a translation of Q. Curtius, had to go again over his MSS., the French language having undergone such changes during that period.—(*Anecdotes Litteraires*, tom. 1, 8vo. 1750.)

HINT FOR A GEOGRAPHICAL GARDEN.

I HAVE often said to myself, (says Forrest, in his Voyage in the Mergui Archipelago,) Why, nobody turns a level verdant plain, of a very few acres, into a map of the world? When invention is sometimes stretched to lay out ground with taste, in the gardens of men of fortune, such a thing surely would not either be absurd or unuseful; I rather think the contrary. The project could not be attended with great expense, would be pleasant and healthful to young folks, especially in the execution, and make very young persons expert in simple geography, far beyond what they get from books and maps even at a more advanced age. Let a spot of level ground, three hundred and sixty yards in length from east to west, and one hundred and eighty yards in breadth from north to south, be inclosed by a wall (in these directions) of a very small height, perhaps one or two feet; let thirty-six marks be made on the east and west wall, and eighteen be made on the north and south

walls, to fix the degrees of longitude and latitude at ten degrees, or six hundred miles asunder; let four pieces of oak timber be made, thirty feet long and eight inches square, with holes bored in them at the distance of three inches, or five miles from one another: thus, thirty-six inches, or three feet, on this piece of timber, (which is easily transported and put under cover, and which I call scale,) are a degree; and the whole scale ten degrees, or six hundred miles in length.* These scales being placed upon or stuck in the ground, at any of the large divisions of ten degrees, made on the walls, and opposite to each other, afford an opportunity, by cross log-lines, or packthread, of determining the particular town, city, or head-land, that is to be marked on this map, in the same manner as upon a sheet of paper on a table, with a Gunter's scale and a pair of compasses. The continents and islands may be made in turf, the sea in gravel, the boundary or outline may be a hard terrace made of mortar, pieces of slate fixed in mortar, or a border of common box may be planted, as is usual in most gardens. At particular places on this ocean of gravel, posts may be fixed up, indicating particular circumstances of monsoons, trade-winds, currents, &c. prevailing in particular parts, to amuse the contemplative owner, who taking a few turns before breakfast on the surface of this flat globe, the powers of his mind will expand, and he will, I am persuaded, be often inclined to say, "This is obvious: I see this circumstance in a new light from what I formerly learned from books and maps only. I see a passage from the Downs to India is nothing: the difficulty disappears compared with the hardships, the fatigue of sailing in narrow seas. While, in a passage from London to Newcastle, what with anchoring and weighing every twelve hours, reefing and handing of sails, heaving the lead, &c. in a distance of less than three hundred miles, and perhaps seven or eight times in a summer, a young man must learn the duty of a seaman." I therefore take upon me to say, that the idea of making such a map is worthy of a prince, and within the reach of a private gentleman to put in execution. I think it would very much adorn the villa of the minister of a great commercial nation; nay, even the palace of royalty itself.

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* An equator and middle meridian of terras, made narrow and low, and graduated at each ten degrees, would facilitate the construction of the map, dividing the whole into four, and admit the log-lines to be shorter.

POISONS.

Scaliger tells of the King of Cambaias' son, that "he was fed with poison from his infancy;" and that although he continued in health, yet at last his flesh became so venomous, that the gnats, fleas, and flies, who sucked his blood, swelled and died: his very breath was dangerous to those that spoke with him; and if any woman of the place, not knowing of course of what nature the gentleman was, slept with him, she presently passed from his bed to her burial."—(*Scaliger de Subtil. Exercitat.* p. 568, and *Frenchfield's History Improved*, p. 15, 16.) Scaliger must surely have meant all this as an allegory; for no man's bowels were ever so constituted, as otherwise this most credulous of all authors would make us believe. However, it realises the old proverb,—'What's one man's food is another man's poison.' But, after all, the great Aristotle says the same of a young girl, who (if we believe him) could be brought to digest any thing. "She was as well fed and nourished by poisonous things as by common food;" only, that in course of time, she became so pestiferous, that if the young toad chose to spit at you, your death was certain and immediate. —*Cœlius Rhodius*, lib. 11, chap. 13.)—There are other instances which might be quoted, from various authors, of people being addicted, *con amore*, to arsenick, hemlock, opium, and so on, but the *exposé* would do no good. Some might fall in love with poisons, (which are wisely very dear in the purchase,) and so get ruined in their circumstances. This is the only reason we have in not following up what such learned men as Aristotle and Scaliger believed. Did not Plutarch affirm that Hyrodes Arsaces had aconite given to him by his son Phraates, with a design to poison him, but it cured his dropsy?—(*Plutarch's Lives*, vol. 5, p. 119.)

There was a mountebank *here* in 1701, one Cornelius à Tilburgh, whose Orvietan would expel poison, which he once drank before King Charles II., who gave him a gold medal; and afterwards he publicly drank a great quantity of poison on his stages of Lincoln's Inn and Covent Garden.

Pulverized diamonds (fortunately they are dear in this country) are considered, by the Mahometans, the least painful, the most active, and infallible of all the poisons.—(*Forsyth's Italy.*) But we may add, from a recent example, that the sordid possession of a quantity of large unpulverized diamonds, and an inordinate love of such, are the most active and infallible of all other poisons—to the soul.

A pope never dies but all Italy swears he was poisoned: it is the order of the day there.

Those who wear wigs, and have malicious barbers, should read the following.—"In the year 1761, Monsieur Stambke, Counsellor of State to the hereditary Prince of Russia and Duke of Holstein, died in an advanced age. The late Duke of Holstein owed his life to this gentleman; for, being at Petersburgh, and having ordered a new state-wig to be made, when the peruke-maker brought it home, he seemed to insist with more than ordinary earnestness that the duke should be shaved, that the wig might fit the better. Mr. Stambke being accidentally there, suspecting, from the solicitude of the peruke-maker, that there was some foul play intended, advised the duke to compel the peruke maker to have his own head shaved; which being done, and the wig put upon his head, *he expired within twelve minutes!*—(*Dodsley's Register.*)

The following ridiculous and not less extraordinary instance of poisoning was related to Mr. Dutens by an English nobleman, who was an eye-witness of the scene.—"Lord Oxford kept a mistress, who was extremely capricious. One night, when they were sleeping together, after having quarrelled, he was awakened by the cries of his mistress; who beat her face, tore her hair, and exhibited every mark of the greatest despair. He questioned her, and pressed her to tell him the cause of her distress. At last he learnt from her, that, in order to avenge herself for the quarrel which they had had together the day before, she had poisoned him at supper. and had also poisoned herself. Alarmed at this declaration, he called up his servants, and sent for several physicians. They came; antidotes were speedily and properly administered; and after they had both vomited copiously for some hours, every body was surprised at the violent bursts of laughter of the woman; who, falling into an elbow-chair, was more than a quarter of an hour before she was able to explain the cause of such ill-timed gaiety. She at last declared, that neither Lord Oxford nor herself had been poisoned; but that she had only wished to be revenged upon him, by the alarm which she had given him, and in which she had so well succeeded. Lord Oxford thought the jest rather too serious; and as it was possible that she had thought of giving that turn to the transaction, only after the effect of the emetics, he resolved *never to sup* with her again!"

One would suspect that very unfair pay had formerly taken place at the altar itself, when continental kings must avoid being fumigated there upon solemn occasions; for we find that the pretty ceremony of handling silver censors has been commented

on. At the betrothing of Madame Elizabeth, of France, with Don Philip, Prince of Spain, (October 15, 1615,) who was represented by the Duke of Guise, *the altar and his lordship the Cardinal de Sourdis were censed, and not the king; his majesty's chaplains saying, that formerly kings were poisoned by this method of perfuming with frankincense, and that, where the king is, even the altar should not be censed.*—(Archives de l'Eglise de Bourdeaux.)—And at the marriage of Louis XIII. with Anne of Austria, neither the altar nor the king were censed; the chaplain saying, that the king might sometimes be censed, not near, but at a distance.—(*MS. in the French king's Library.*)

HENRY VIII.

Once sent an offer of his hand to the Princess of Parma, who returned for answer, that she was greatly obliged to the King for his compliment, and that if she had two heads, one of them should have been at his service; but, as she had only one, she could not spare it. Perhaps the princess had read his uxorious career.—Henry, *quoad loquitur*—

> Three Kates, two Nans, and one sweet Jane I wedded,
> One Dutch, one Spanish, and *four* English wives;
> From two I got divorced, two I beheaded,
> One died in child-bed, and one me survives.

THE KNOUT,

One of the gentle punishments inflicted in the Russian empire. Nations, unquestionably, get more and more refined as they get older; but this northern kingdom is yet to be proved otherwise than Dr. Clarke has of late years described it. At present, we only give a recital from the Abbé Chappe d'Auteroche's Journey in that country, of the application of the knout, and to a beautiful and accomplished woman. Madame Lapouchin was one of the finest women belonging to the court of the Empress Elizabeth: she was intimately connected with a foreign ambassador, then engaged in a conspiracy. Madame Lapouchin, who was supposed to be an accomplice in this conspiracy, was condemed by the Empress Elizabeth, to undergo the puishment of the knout. She appeared at the place of execution in a genteel undress, which contributed still more to heighten her beauty. The sweetness of her countenance,

and her vivacity, were such as might indicate indiscretion, but not even the shadow of guilt; although I, says the Abbé, have been assured by every person of whom I have made enquiry, that she was really guilty. Young, lovely, admired, and sought for at the court, of which she was the life and spirit; instead of the number of admirers her beauty usually drew after her, she then saw herself surrounded only by executioners. She looked on them with astonishment, seeming to doubt whether such preparations were intended for her: one of the executioners then pulled off a kind of cloak, which covered her bosom; her modesty taking the alarm, made her start back a few steps; she turned pale, and burst into tears: her clothes were soon after stripped off, and, in a few moments, she was quite naked to the waist, exposed to the eager looks of a vast concourse of people, profoundly silent. One of the executioners then seized her by both hands, and, turning half round, threw her on his back, bending forwards, so as to raise her a few inches from the ground; and the other executioner then laid hold of her delicate limbs, with his rough hands, hardened at the plough, and, without any remorse, adjusted her on the back of his companion, in the properest posture for receiving the punishment. Sometimes he laid his large hand brutally upon her head, in order to make her keep it down; sometimes, like a butcher going to slay a lamb, he seemed to soothe her, as soon as he had fixed her in the most favourable attitude. The executioner then took a kind of whip, called knout, made of a long strap of leather, prepared for this purpose: he then retreated a few steps, measuring the requisite distance with a steady eye; and, leaping backwards, gave a stroke with the end of the whip, so as to carry away a slip of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back; then, striking his feet against the ground, he took his aim for applying a second blow, parallel to the former; so that, in a few moments, all the skin of her back was cut away in small slips, most of which remained hanging to the shift. Her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was directly banished into Siberia. This incident is known to all persons who have been in Russia. In 1762, she was recalled from banishment, by Peter III. Is it possible any one can read this without a due horror of that despotism, which, whatever the crime, can thus outrage decency and humanity, whether by knouts, racks, tortures, or whatever name the ad libitum punishment goes by? It should be also observed, that society has never been ameliorated by these horrid processes; but, on the contrary, (as we shall take care to shew,) crimes have the rather increased: they have been committed more artfully, it is true; for private assassination and poison have been the results. History attests the

fact. The celebrated traveller, Mr. Coxe, tells us—"The following are the exact dimensions and weight of a knout, which I procured in Russia, and which is now in my possession. Length of the thong, two feet; breadth of the top, three-quarters of an inch; at the bottom, half an inch; thickness, one eighth; length of the plaited whip, two feet; circumference of ditto, two inches and a half; diameter of the ring, one inch and five-eighths; length of the leather spring, one inch and a half; length of the handle, one foot two inches and a half; length of the whole, five feet five inches and five-eighths; weight, eleven ounces. The reader will judge of the great force which the skilful executioner can give to this instrument, when informed that, *if he receives a private order*, he can despatch the criminal by striking him two or three blows *upon the ribs*. But let us hasten from such a picture, which should not be placed here, but for the sample displayed of a perverse eccentricity of the human mind.

LAUGHTER.

According to Martial,

> He that would move another man to laughter,
> Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after.

As the general tenor of these pages, perhaps, tends toward risibility, we are very sorry that our readers will become monkies, according to Mr. Knight, who, in his 'Analysis of Taste,' tells me, "I am a monkey by my perpetual laughter." It is needless to say we differ from this arbiter of taste, though that will amount to nothing: all we can honestly avow then, is, we would have a wilderness of Mr. Knight's monkies, to write and talk to.

"I suppose it was virtue in us, (says Mr. Holcroft,) that we concealed our laughter from the objects of it; though I leave it to better casuists to decide how far this kind of laughter, or any kind of laughter is a mark of sound sense! I own, I wish I could laugh oftener!!! Yet I am very wrong, if I wish for folly? And I do not know very well how pure wisdom should excite laughter? Bless us! we have many doubts to solve; and, I fear, much rubbish to remove."—(*Travels to Paris*, vol. 1, p. 42.) In this delectably-written passage, it is plain, that Mr. Holcroft does not know whether he *may* laugh; he balances between the pros and cons; and, after all, neither he,

nor ourselves, make any thing of it. To be sure, there are very alarming descriptions of laughter, even worded by sensible people, which might operate as a peventive to its indulgence; for instance they go so far as to say, *they were convulsed—ready to burst—splitting their sides*—and lastly, in due order, *dying* with laughter! The effects, therefore, being so alarmingly described or confessed, have prejudiced the cause, even among philosophers, already no way remarkable for their tenderness of feeling. True, these will say in reply, did not Chrysippus *die* laughing, when an ass was invited, and did actually sup with him? Did not a pope burst with laughter, when *a monkey* came to his bedside and put on the holy tiara? Besides, Dr. Johnson describes laughter as "*convulsive* merriment;" and there is no merriment in getting into convulsions.

But laughter is weakening. Wolfius tells us of a countryfellow, named Brunsellius, who, at church, hearing a sermon, saw a woman fall from a form, half asleep; at which object most of the congregation laughed; but he, for his part, was so tickled, that, for three whole days he did nothing but laugh; by which means he was much *weakened*, says Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy.

No one could accuse those Chinese sages, Zoroaster and Fohi, of being monkeys; for the chronicles say that the latter never laughed at all, and the former only twice, viz. when he entered the world, and when he left it.

Wesley believed, laughter and hysterical laughter to be the work of the devil. Many would be ready to exclaim, The devil it is! without disparagement to Mr. Wesley, whose patriarchal smile *we well remember.*

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